

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

### CHAPTER XVI.

THE subsiding sea was now a liquid Paradise: its great pellucid braes and hillocks shone with the sparkle, and the hues, of all the jewels in an emperor's crown. Imagine—after three days of inky sea, and pitchy sky, and Death's deep jaws snapping and barely missing with a click—ten thousand great slopes of emerald, aquamarine, amethyst, and topaz, liquid, alive, and dancing jocundly beneath a gorgeous sun: and you will have a faint idea of what met the eyes and hearts of the rescued looking out of that battered, jagged, ship, upon ocean smiling back to smiling Heaven.

Yet one man felt no buoyancy, no rush of joy. He leaned against a fragment of the broken bulwark, confused between the sweetness of life preserved, and the bitterness of treasure lost, his wife's and children's treasured treasure; benumbed at heart, and almost weary of the existence he had battled for so stoutly. He looked so moody, and answered so grimly and unlike himself, that they all held aloof from him; heavy heart among so many joyful ones, he was in true solitude; the body in a crowd, the soul alone. And he was sore as well as heavy: for, of all the lubberly acts he had ever known, the way he had lost his dear ones' fortune seemed to him the worst.

A voice sounded in his ear: "Poor thing; she has foundered!"

It was Fullalove scanning the horizon with his famous glass.

"Foundered? Who?" said Dodd; though he did not care much who sank, who swam. Then he remembered the vessel, whose flashing guns had shed a human ray on the unearthly horror of the black hurricane. He looked all round.

Blank!

Ay, she had perished with all hands. The sea had swallowed her, and spared him; ungrateful.

This turned his mind sharply. Suppose the *Agra* had gone down, the money would be lost as now, and his life into the bargain, a life dearer to all at home than millions of gold: he prayed inwardly to Heaven for gratitude, and goodness to feel its mercy. This softened him a little; and

his heart swelled so, he wished he was a woman to cry over his children's loss for an hour, and then shake all off and go through his duty somehow; for now he was paralysed, and all seemed ended. Next, nautical superstition fastened on him. That pocket-book of his was *Jonah*; It had to go or else the ship; the moment it did go, the storm had broken as by magic.

Now Superstition is generally stronger than rational Religion, whether they lie apart, or together in one mind: and this superstitious notion did something toward steeling the poor man. "Come," said he to himself, "my loss has saved all these poor souls on board this ship. So be it! Heaven's will be done! I must bustle, or else go mad."

He turned to and worked like a horse: and with his own hands helped the men to rig parallel ropes—a substitute for bulwarks—till the perspiration ran down him.

Bayliss now reported the well nearly dry, and Dodd was about to bear up and make sail again, when one of the ship-boys, a little fellow with a bright eye and a chin like a monkey's, came up to him and said,

"Please, captain!" Then glared with awe at what he had done, and broke down.

"Well, my little man?" said Dodd, gently.

Thus encouraged, the boy gave a great gulp, and burst in a brogue: "Och your arnr, sure there's no rudder on her at all barrin the tiller."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Don't murrder me, your arnr, and I'll tell ye. It's meself looked over the starrn just now; and I seen there was no rudder at all at all: Mille diaoul, sis I; ye old bitch I'll tell his arnr what y'are after, slipping your rudder like my granny's list shoe, I will."

Dodd ran to the helm and looked down; the brat was right: the blows which had so endangered the ship, had broken the rudder, and the sea had washed it away in pieces. The sight and the reflection made him faintish for a moment. Death passing so very close to a man sickens him *afterwards*; unless he has the luck to be brainless.

"What is your name, urchin?"

"Ned Murphy, sir."

"Very well, Murphy, then you are a fine little fellow, and have wiped all our eyes in the ship: run and send the carpenter aft."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The carpenter came. Like most artisans he was clever in a groove: take him out of that, and lo! a mule, a pig, an owl. He was not only unable to invent, but so stiffly disinclined: a makeshift rudder was clean out of his way; and, as his whole struggle was to get away from every suggestion Dodd made back to groove aforesaid, the thing looked hopeless. Then Fullalove, who had stood by grinning, offered to make a bunkum rudder, provided the carpenter and mates were put under his orders. But, said he, I must bargain they shall be disrated if they attempt to reason. "That is no more than fair," said Dodd.

The Yankee inventor demanded a spare main-cap, and cut away one end of the square piece, so as to make it fit the stern post: through the circle of the cap he introduced a spare mizen topmast: to this he seized a length of junk, another to that, another to that, and so on: to the outside junk he seized a spare maintop-gallant mast, and this conglomerate being now nearly as broad as a rudder, he planked over all. The sea by this time was calm; he got the machine over the stern, and had the square end of the cap bolted to the stern post. He had already fixed four spans of nine inch hawser to the sides of the makeshift, two fastened to tackles, which led into the gunroom ports, and were boused taut—these kept the lower part of the makeshift close to the stern post—and two, to which guys were now fixed and led through the aftermost ports on to the quarter deck, where luff tackles were attached to them, by means of which the makeshift was to be worked as a rudder.

Some sail was now got on the ship, and she was found to steer very well. Dodd tried her on every tack; and at last ordered Sharpe to make all sail, and head for the Cape.

This electrified the first mate. The breeze was very faint but southerly, and the Mauritius under their lee. They could make it in a night, and there refit, and ship a new rudder. He suggested the danger of sailing sixteen hundred miles steered by a Gimcrack; and implored Dodd to put into port. Dodd answered with a roughness and a certain wildness never seen in him before: "Danger, sir! There will be no more foul weather this voyage; Jonah is overboard." Sharpe stared an inquiry. "I tell you we shan't lower our topgallants once from this to the Cape: Jonah is overboard:" and he slapped his forehead in despair; then, stamping impatiently with his foot, told Sharpe his duty was to obey orders, not discuss them. "Certainly, sir," said Sharpe, sullenly, and went out of the cabin with serious thoughts of communicating to the other mates an alarming suspicion about Dodd, that now for the first time crossed his mind. But long habit of discipline prevailed, and he made all sail on the ship, and bore away for the Cape; with a heavy heart: the sea was like a mill pond, but in that he saw only its well known treachery,

to lead them on to this unparalleled act of madness: each sail he hoisted seemed one more agent of Destruction rising at his own suicidal command.

Towards evening it became nearly dead calm. The sea heaved a little, but was waveless, glassy, and the colour of a rose, incredibly brave and delicate.

The look out reported pieces of wreck to windward. As the ship was making so little way, Dodd beat up towards them: he feared it was a British ship that had foundered in the storm, and thought it his duty to ascertain and carry the sad news home. In two tacks they got near enough to see with their glasses that the fragments belonged, not to a stranger, but to the *Agra* herself; there was one of her water-butts, and a broken mast with some rigging: and, as more wreck was descried coming in at a little distance, Dodd kept the ship close to the wind to inspect it: on drifting near it proved to be several pieces of the bulwark and a mahogany table out of the cuddy. This sort of flotsom was not worth delaying the ship to pick it up; so Dodd made sail again, steering now S.E.

He had sailed about half a mile when the look out hailed the deck again.

"A man in the water!"

"Whereabouts?"

"A short league on the weather quarter."

"Oh, we can't beat to windward for him," said Sharpe. "He is dead long ago."

"Holds his head very high for a corpse," said the look out.

"I'll soon know," cried Dodd. "Lower the gig; I'll go myself."

The gig was lowered, and six swift rowers pulled him to windward; while the ship kept on her course.

It is most unusual for a captain to leave the ship at sea on such petty errands: but Dodd half hoped the man might be alive; and he was so unhappy; and, like his daughter, who probably derived the trait from him, grasped instinctively at a chance of doing kindness to some poor fellow alive or dead. That would soothe his own sore, good, heart.

When they had pulled about two miles, the sun was sinking into the horizon: "Give way, men," said Dodd, "or we shall not be able to see him." The men bent to their oars, and made the boat fly.

Presently the coxswain caught sight of an object bobbing on the water abeam.

"Why, that must be it," said he: "the lubber! to take it for a man's head. Why, it is nothing but a thundering old bladder, speckled white."

"What?" cried Dodd: and fell a trembling.

"Steer for it! Give way!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

They soon came alongside the bladder, and the coxswain grabbed it: "Hallo! here's something lashed to it: a bottle!"

"Give it me!" gasped Dodd, in a voice choked

with agitation. "Give it me! Back to the ship! Fly! Fly! Cut her off, or she'll give us the slip, *now*."

He never spoke a word more, but sat in a stupor of joyful wonder.

They soon caught the ship: he got into his cabin, he scarce knew how: broke the bottle to atoms, and found the indomitable cash uninjured. With trembling hands he restored it to its old place in his bosom, and sewed it tighter than ever. Until he felt it there once more, he could hardly realise a stroke of good fortune that seemed miraculous—though, in reality, it was less strange than the way he had lost it—but, now laid bodily on his heart, it set his bosom on fire: oh, the bright eye, the bounding pulse, the buoyant foot, the reckless joy! He slapped Sharpe on the back a little vulgarly, for him:

"Jonah is on board again, old fellow: look out for squalls."

He uttered this foreboding in a tone of triumph, and with a gay, elastic recklessness, which harmonised so well with his makeshift rudder, that Sharpe groaned aloud, and wished himself under any captain in the world but this, and in any other ship. He looked round to make sure he was not watched, and then tapped his forehead significantly: this somewhat relieved him, and he did his duty smartly for a man going to the bottom with his eyes open.

But ill luck is not to be bespoken any more than good: the Agra's seemed to have blown itself out; the wind varied to the south-west, and breathed steadily in that quarter for ten days. The topgallant sails were never lowered nor shifted day nor night all that time: and not a single danger occurred between this and the Cape, except to a monkey, which I fear I must relate, on account of its remoter consequences. One fine afternoon, everybody was on deck amusing themselves as they could; Mrs. Beresford, to wit, was being flattered under the poop awning by Kencaly. The feud between her and Dodd continued; but under a false impression. The lady had one advantage over the gentler specimens of her sex; she was never deterred from a kind action by want of pluck, as they are. Pluck? Aquilina was brimful of it. When she found Dodd was wounded, she cast her wrongs to the wind, and offered to go and nurse him. Her message came at an unlucky moment, and by an unlucky messenger: the surgeon said, hastily, "I can't have him bothered." The stupid servant reported, "He can't be worried:" and Mrs. Beresford, thinking Dodd had a hand in this answer, was bitterly mortified; and with some reason. She would have forgiven him though; if he had died: but, as he lived, she thought she had a right to detest him; and did: and showed her sentiments like a lady, by never speaking to him, nor looking at him, but ignoring him with frigid magnificence on his own quarter deck.

Now, among the crew of this ship was a favourite goat, good tempered, affectionate, playful:

but a single vice counterbalanced all his virtues: he took a drop. A year or two ago some light-hearted tempter taught him to sip grog; he took to it kindly, and was now arrived at such a pitch, that at grog time he used to butt his way in among the sailors, and get close to the canteen; and, by arrangement, an allowance was always served him; on imbibing it he passed, with quadrupedal rapidity, through three stages, the absurd, the choleric, the sleepy; and was never his own goat again until he awoke from the latter. Now Master Fred Beresford encountered him in the second stage of inebriety, and, being a rough playfellow, tapped his nose with a battle-dore. Instantly Billy butted at him; mischievous Fred screamed and jumped on the bulwarks. Pot-angry Billy went at him there; whereupon the young gentleman, with an eldritch screech, and a comparative estimate of perils, that smacked of inexperience, fled into the sea, at the very moment when his anxious mother was rushing to save him; she uttered a scream of agony, and would actually have followed him; but was held back uttering shriek after shriek, that pierced every heart within hearing.

But Dodd saw the boy go overboard, and vaulted over the bulwark near the helm, roared in the very air, "Heave the ship to!" and went splash into the water about ten yards from the place; he was soon followed by Vespasian, and a boat was lowered as quickly as possible. Dodd caught sight of a broad straw hat on the top of a wave, swam lustily to it, and found Freddy inside: it was tied under his chin, and would have floated Goliah. Dodd turned to the ship, saw the poor mother with white face and arms outstretched as if she would fly at them, and held the urchin up high to her with a joyful "hurrah." The ship seemed alive and to hurrah in return with giant voice: the boat soon picked them up, and Dodd came up the side with Freddy in his arms, and placed him in his mother's with honest pride, and deep parental sympathy.

Guess how she scolded and caressed her child all in a breath, and sobbed over him! For this no human pen has ever told, nor ever will. All I can just manage to convey is that, after she had all but eaten the little torment, she suddenly dropped him, and made a great maternal rush at Dodd. She flung her arms round him and kissed him eagerly, almost fiercely: then, carried away wild by mighty Nature, she patted him all over in the strangest way, and kissed his waistcoat, his arms, his hands, and rained tears of joy and gratitude on them.

Dodd was quite overpowered: "No! no!" said he. "Don't now! pray don't! There, I know, my dear, I know; I'm a father." And he was very near whimpering himself; but recovered the man and the commander, and said soothingly, "There! there!" and handed her tenderly down to her cabin.

All this time he had actually forgotten the packet. But now a horrible fear came on him. He hurried to his own cabin and examined it. A

little salt water had oozed through the bullet-hole and discoloured the leather; but that was all. He breathed again.

"Thank Heaven I forgot all about it!" said he: "It would have made a cur of me."

La Beresford's petty irritation against Dodd melted at once before so great a thing: she longed to make friends with him; but for once felt timid: it struck her now all of a sudden that she had been misbehaving. However, she caught Dodd alone on the deck, and said to him softly, "I want so to end our quarrel."

"Our quarrel, madam!" said he; "why, I know of none: oh, about the light, eh? Well, you see the master of a ship is obliged to be a tyrant in some things."

"I make no complaint," said the lady, hastily, and hung her head. "All I ask you is to forgive one, who has behaved like a fool, without even the excuse of being one; and—will you give me your hand, sir?"

"Ay, and with all my heart," said Dodd, warmly, enclosing the soft little hand in his honest grasp.

And with no more ado these two highflyers ended one of those little misunderstandings petty spirits nurse into a feud.

The ship being in port at the Cape, and two hundred hammers tapping at her, Dodd went ashore in search of Captain Robarts, and made the Agra over to him in the friendliest way, adding warmly that he had found every reason to be satisfied with the officers and the crew. To his surprise, Captain Robarts received all this ungraciously. "You ought to have remained on board, sir, and made me over the command on the quarter deck." Dodd replied, politely, that it would have been more formal. "Suppose I return immediately, and man the side for you: and then you board her, say in half an hour."

"I shall come when I like," replied Robarts, crustily. "And when will you like to come?" inquired Dodd, with imperturbable good humour.

"Now: this moment: and I'll trouble you to come along with me."

"Certainly, sir."

They got a boat, and went out to the ship: on coming alongside, Dodd thought to meet his wishes by going first and receiving him; but the jealous, cross-grained, fellow, shoved roughly before him and led the way up the ship's side. Sharpe and the rest saluted him: he did not return the salute, but said hoarsely, "Turn the hands up to muster."

When they were all aft he noticed one or two with their caps on. "Hats off, and be—to you!" cried he. "Do you know where you are? Do you know who you are looking at? If not, I'll show you. I'm here to restore discipline to this ship: so mind how you run athwart my hawse: don't you play with the bull, my men; or you'll find his horns—sharp. Pipe down! Now, you sir, bring me the log-book!"

He ran his eye over it, and closed it con-

temptuously: "Pirates, and hurricanes! I never fell in with pirates nor hurricanes: I have heard of a breeze, and a gale, but I never knew a sea-man worth his salt say 'hurricane.' Get another log-book, Mr. Sharpe; put down that it begins this day at noon; and enter, that Captain Robarts came on deck, found the ship in a miserable condition, took the command, mustered the officers and men, and stopped the ship's company's grog for a week, for receiving him with hats on!"

Even Sharpe, that walking Obedience, was taken aback. "Stop—the ship's company's—grog—for a week, sir?"

"Yes, sir, for a week: and, if you fling my orders back in my face instead of clapping on sail to execute them, I'll have you towed ashore on a grating: your name is Sharpe; well, my name is Damnedsharp; and so you'll find."

In short, the new captain came down on the ship like a blight.

He was especially hard on Dodd: nothing that commander had done was right, nor, had he done the contrary, would that have been right: he was disgracefully behind time; and he ought to have put in to the Isle of France, which would have retarded him: his rope bulwarks were lubberly; his rudder a disgrace to navigation: he, Robarts, was not so green as to believe that any master had really sailed sixteen hundred miles with it, and, if he had, more shame for him. Briefly a marine criticaster.

All this was spoken at Dodd—a thing no male does unless he is an awful snob—and grieved him, it was so unjust. He withdrew wounded to the little cabin he was entitled to as a passenger, and hugged his treasure for comfort. He patted the pocket-book, and said to it, "Never *you* mind. The greater Tartar he is, the less likely to sink you, or run you on a lee shore."

With all his love of discipline, Robarts was not so fond of the ship as Dodd.

While his repairs were going on, he was generally ashore; and by this means missed a visit. Commodore Collier, one of the smartest sailors afloat, espied the Yankee makeshift from the quarter deck of his vessel, the Salamanca, fifty guns. In ten minutes he was under the Agra's stern inspecting it; then came on board, and was received in form by Sharpe and the other officers. "Are you the master of this ship, sir?" he asked.

"No, commodore. I am the first mate: the captain is ashore."

"I am sorry for it. I want to talk about his rudder."

"Oh, *he* had nothing to do with that," replied Sharpe, eagerly: "that was our dear old captain: he is on board. Young gentleman! ask Captain Dodd to oblige me by coming on deck! Hy! and Mr. Fullalove too." "Young gentleman?" inquired Collier. "What the devil officer is that?"

"That is a name we give the middies; I don't know why."

"Nor I neither! ha! ha!"



Dodd and Fullalove came on deck, and Commodore Collier bestowed the highest compliments on the "makeshift." Dodd begged him to transfer them to the real inventor; and introduced Fullalove.

"Ay," said Collier, "I know you Yankees are very handy. I lost my rudder at sea once, and had to ship a makeshift: but it was a cuss't complicated thing; not a patch upon yours, Mr. Fullalove. Yours is ingenious, and simple. Ship has been in action, I see: pray how was that, if I may be so bold?"

"Pirates, commodore," said Sharpe. "We fell in with a brace of Portuguese devils, latine-rigged, and carried ten guns apiece, in the Straits of Gaspar: fought 'em from noon till sundown, riddled one, and ran down the other, and sunk her in a moment. That was all *your* doing, captain; so don't try to shift it on other people; for we won't let you."

"If he denies it, I won't believe him," said Collier: "for he has got it in his eye. Gentlemen, will you do me the honour to dine with me to-day on board the flag-ship?"

Dodd and Fullalove accepted. Sharpe declined, with regret, on the score of duty. And as the cocked hat went down the side, after saluting him politely, he could not help thinking to himself what a difference between a real captain, who had something to be proud of, and his own unlicked cub of a skipper, with the manners of a pilot-boat. He told Roberts the next day. Roberts said nothing; but his face seemed to turn greenish; and it embittered his hatred of Dodd the inoffensive.

It is droll, and sad, but true, that Christendom is full of men in a hurry to hate. And a fruitful cause is jealousy. The schoolmen, or rather certain of the schoolmen—for nothing is much shallower than to speak of all those disputants as one school—defined woman, "a featherless biped vehemently addicted to jealousy." Whether she is more featherless than the male can be decided at a trifling expense of time, money, and reason: you have only to go to court. But as for envy and jealousy, I think it is pure, unobservant, antique Cant which has fixed them on the female character distinctively. As a molehill to a mountain, is women's jealousy to men's. Agatha may have a host of virtues and graces, and yet her female acquaintance will not hate her, provided she has the moderation to abstain from being downright pretty. She may sing like an angel, paint like an angel, talk,—write,—nurse the sick,—all like an angel, and not rouse the devil in her fair sisters: so long as she does not dress like an angel. But, the minds of men being much larger than women's, yet very little greater, they hang jealousy on a thousand pegs. When there was no peg, I have seen them do with a pin.

Captain Roberts took a pin: ran it into his own heart, and hung that sordid passion on it.

He would get rid of all the Doddites before he sailed. He insulted Mr. Tickell, so that he left the service, and entered a mercantile house

ashore: he made several of the best men desert: and the ship went to sea short of hands. This threw heavier work on the crew; and led to many punishments, and a steady current of abuse. Sharpe became a mere machine, always obeying, never speaking: Grey was put under arrest for remonstrating against ungentlemanly language: and Bayliss, being at bottom of the same breed as Roberts, fell into his humour, and helped hector the petty officers and men. The crew, depressed and irritated, went through their duties pulley-haul-wise. There was no song under the fore-castle in the first watch, and often no grog on the mess table at one bell. Dodd never came on the quarter deck without being reminded he was only a passenger, and the ship was now under naval discipline.

"I was reared in the royal navy, sir," would Roberts say: "second lieutenant aboard the *Atalanta*: that is the school, sir; that is the only school that breeds seamen." Dodd bore scores of similar taunts as a Newfoundland puts up with a terrier in office: he seldom replied, and, when he did, in a few quiet dignified words that gave no handle.

Roberts, who bore the name of a lucky captain, had fair weather all the way to St. Helena.

The guard-ship at this island was the *Salamanca*. She had left the Cape a week before the *Agra*. Captain Roberts, with his characteristic good breeding, went to anchor in-shore of Her Majesty's ship. The wind failed at a critical moment, and a foul became inevitable: Collier was on his quarter deck, and saw what would happen long before Roberts did: he gave the needful orders, and it was beautiful to see how in half a minute the frigate's guns were run in, her ports lowered, her yards toppled on end, and a spring carried out and hauled on.

The *Agra* struck abreast her own forechains on the *Salamanca*'s quarter.

(Pipe.) "Boarders away. Tomahawks! cut everything that holds!" was heard from the frigate's quarter deck.

Rush came a boarding party on to the merchant ship and hacked away without mercy all her lower rigging that held on to the frigate, signal halyards and all; others boomed her off with capstan bars, &c., and in two minutes the ships were clear. A lieutenant and boat's crew came for Roberts, and ordered him on board the *Salamanca*, and, to make sure of his coming, took him back with them. He found Commodore Collier standing stiff as a ramrod on his quarter deck.

"Are you the master of the *Agra*?" (His quick eye had recognised her in a moment.)

"I am, sir."

"Then she was commanded by a seaman: and is commanded by a lubber. Don't apply for your papers this week; for you won't get them. Good morning. Take him away!"

They returned Roberts to his ship; and a suppressed grin on a score of faces showed him the clear commanding tones of the commodore had

reached his own deck. He soothed himself by stopping the men's grog and mast-heading three midshipmen that same afternoon.

The night before he weighed anchor, this disciplinarian was drinking very late in a low public-house. There was not much moon, and the officer in charge of the ship did not see the gig coming till it was nearly alongside: then all was done in a flurry.

"Hy! man the side lanterns there! Jump, you boys! or you'll catch pepper."

The boys did jump, and little Murphy, not knowing the surgeon had ordered the ports to be drooped, bounded over the bulwarks like an antelope, lighted on the midship port, which stood at this angle, and glanced off into the ocean, lantern foremost: he made his little hole in the water within a yard of Captain Roberts. That Dignity, though splashed, took no notice of so small an incident as a gone ship-boy: and, if Murphy had been wise and stayed with Nep. all had been well. But the poor urchin inadvertently came up again, and without the lantern. One of the gig's crew grabbed him by the hair, and prolonged his existence, but without any malicious intention.

"Where is the other lantern?" was Roberts's first word on reaching the deck: as if he didn't know.

"Gone overboard, sir, with the boy Murphy."

"Stand forward, you sir!" growled Roberts.

Murphy stood forward, dripping and shivering with cold and fear.

"What d'ye mean by going overboard with the ship's lantern?"

"Och your arnr sure some unasy divil drooped the port; and the lantern and me we had no foothold at all at all, and the lantern went into the say, bad luck to ut; and I went afther to try and save ut—for your arnr."

"Belay all that!" said Roberts; "do you think you can blarney me, you young monkey? Here, Bosen's mate, take a rope's-end and start him!—Again!—Warm him well!—That's right."

As soon as the poor child's shrieks subsided into sobs, the disciplinarian gave him Explanation, for Ointment.

"I CAN'T HAVE THE COMPANY'S STORES EXPENDED THIS WAY."

"The force of discipline could no farther go" than to flog zeal for falling overboard: so, to avoid anti-climax in that port, Roberts weighed anchor at daybreak; and there was a south-westerly breeze waiting for this favourite of fortune, and carried him past the Azores. Off Ushant it was westerly; and veered to the north-west just before they sighted the Land's End: never was such a charming passage from the Cape. The sailor who had the luck to sight Old England first, nailed his starboard shoe to the mainmast for contributions; and all hearts beat joyfully: none more than David Dodd's. His eye devoured the beloved shore: he hugged the treasure his own ill luck had jeopardised, but Roberts had sailed it safe into British waters;

and forgave the man his ill manners for his good luck.

Roberts steered in for the Lizard; but, when abreast the Point, kept well out again, and opened the Channel, and looked out for a pilot.

One was soon seen working out towards him, and the Agra brought to; the pilot descended from his lugger into his little boat, rowed alongside, and came on deck; a rough, tanned sailor, clad in flushing; and in build and manner might have passed for Roberts's twin brother.

"Now then, you sir, what will you take this ship up to the Downs for?"

"Thirty pounds."

Roberts told him roughly he would not get thirty pounds out of him.

"Thyse and no higher my Bo," answered the pilot, sturdily: he had been splicing the main brace, and would have answered an admiral.

Roberts swore at him lustily: Pilot discharged a volley in return with admirable promptitude. Roberts retorted, the other rough customer rejoined, and soon all Billingsgate thundered on the Agra's quarter deck. Finding, to his infinite disgust, his visitor as great a blackguard as himself, and not to be outsworn, Roberts ordered him to quit the ship on pain of being man-handled over the side.

"Oh, that is it, is it?" growled the other: "here's fill and be off then." He prudently bottled the rest of his rage till he got safe into his boat: then shook his fist at the Agra, and cursed her captain sky high. "You see the fair wind, but you don't see the Channel fret a coming, ye greedy gander. Downs! You'll never see them: you have saved your money, and lost your ship, ye lubber."

Roberts hurled back a sugar-plum or two, and then ordered Bayliss to clap on all sail, and keep a mid channel course through the night.

At four bells in the middle watch Sharpe, in charge of the ship, tapped at Roberts's door. "Blowing hard, sir, and the weather getting thickish."

"Wind fair still?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then call me if it blows any harder," grunted Roberts.

In two hours more, tap, tap, came Bayliss, in charge. "If we don't take sail in, they'll take themselves out."

"Furl to-gallan'sels, and call me if it gets any worse."

In another hour Bayliss was at him again. "Blowing a gale, sir, and a Channel fog on."

"Reef taupsels, and call me if it gets any worse."

At daybreak Dodd was on deck, and found the ship flying through a fog so thick, that her fore-castle was invisible from the poop, and even her foremast loomed indistinct and looked distant. "You'll be foul of something or other, Sharpe," said he.

"What is that to you?" inquired a loud rough

voice behind him. "I don't allow passengers to handle my ship."

"Then do pray handle her yourself, captain! Is this weather to go tearing happy-go-lucky up the British Channel?"

"I mean to sail her without your advice, sir: and, being a seaman, I shall get all I can out of a fair wind."

"That is right, Captain Roberts; if you had but the Channel all to yourself."

"Perhaps you will leave me my deck all to myself."

"I should be delighted: but my anxiety will not let me." With this Dodd retired a few steps, and kept a keen look out.

At noon, a lusty voice cried "LAND ON THE WEATHER BEAM!"

All eyes were turned that way, and saw nothing.

Land in sight was reported to Captain Roberts.

Now that worthy was in reality getting secretly anxious: so he ran on deck crying, "Who saw it?"

"Captain Dodd, sir."

"Ugh! Nobody else?"

Dodd came forward, and, with a respectful air, told him that, being on the look out, he had seen the coast of the Isle of Wight in a momentary lift of the haze.

"Isle of Fiddlestick!" was the polite reply. "Isle of Wight is eighty miles astern by now."

Dodd answered firmly that he was well acquainted with every outline in the Channel, and the land he had seen was St. Katharine's Point.

Roberts deemed no reply; but had the log heaved: it showed the vessel to be running twelve knots an hour. He then went to his cabin and consulted his chart; and, having worked his problem, came hastily on deck, and went from rashness to wonderful caution. "Turn the hands out, and heave the ship to!"

The manœuvre was executed gradually and ably, and scarce a bucketful of water shipped. "Furl tautsels and set the main trysail! There, Mr. Dodd, so much for you and your Isle of Wight. The land you saw was Dungeness, and you would have run on into the North Sea, I'll be bound."

When a man, habitually calm, turns anxious, he becomes more irritable: and the mixture of timidity and rashness he saw in Roberts made Dodd very anxious.

He replied angrily: "At all events I should not make a foul wind out of a fair one by heaving to; and if I did, I would heave to on the right tack."

At this sudden facer, one, too, from a patient man, Roberts staggered a moment. He recovered, and, with an oath, ordered Dodd to go below, or he would have him clucked into the hold.

"Come, don't be an ass, Roberts," said Dodd, contemptuously. Then, lowering his voice to a

whisper: "don't you know the men only want such an order as that, to chuck you into the sea?"

Roberts trembled. "Oh, if you mean to head a mutiny!—"

"Heaven forbid, sir! But I won't leave the deck in dirty weather like this, till the captain knows where he is."

Towards sunset it got clearer, and they drifted past a Revenue cutter, who was lying to with her head to the Northward. She hoisted no end of signals, but they understood none of them; and her captain gesticulated wildly on her deck.

"What is that Fantoccini dancing at?" inquired Captain Roberts, brutally.

"To see a first class ship drift to leeward in a narrow sea, with a fair wind," said Dodd, bitterly.

At night it blew hard, and the sea ran high and irregular. The ship began to be uneasy: and Roberts very properly ordered the top-gallant and royal yards to be sent down on deck. Dodd would have had them down twelve hours ago. The mate gave the order: no one moved. The mate went forward angry. He came back pale. The men refused to go aloft: they would not risk their lives for Captain Roberts.

The officers all assembled and went forward: they promised and threatened; but all in vain. The crew stood sullen together, as if to back one another, and put forward a spokesman to say that "there was not one of them the captain hadn't started, and stopped his grog a dozen times: he had made the ship hell to them; and now her masts and yards and hull might go there along with her skipper, for them."

Roberts received this tidings in sullen silence. "Don't tell that Dodd, whatever you do," said he. "They will come round now they have had their growl: they are too near home to shay away their pay."

Roberts had not sufficient insight into character to know that Dodd would instantly have sided with him against mutiny.

But at this juncture the ex-captain of the *Agra* was down in the cabin with his fellow passengers, preparing a general remonstrance: he had a chart before him, and a pair of compasses in his hand.

"St. Katharine's Point lay about eight miles to windward at noon; and we have been drifting South and East this twelve hours, through lying to on the starboard tack: and besides, the ship has been conned as slovenly as she is sailed. I've seen her allowed to break off a dozen times, and gather more leeway: ah, here *is* Captain Roberts: Captain, you saw the rate we passed the Revenue cutter. That vessel was nearly stationary; so what we passed her at was our own rate of drifting, and our least rate; putting all this together, we can't be many miles from the French coast, and, unless we look sharp and beat to windward, I pronounce the ship in danger."

A horselaugh greeted this conclusion.

"We are nearer Yarmouth sands than France,

I promise you : and nothing under our lee nearer than Rotterdam."

A loud cry from the deck above, "A LIGHT ON THE LEE BOW!"

"There!" cried Roberts, with an oath : "foul of her next! through me listening to your nonsense. He ran upon deck, and shouted through his trumpet, "All hands wear ship!"

The crew, who had heard the previous cry, obeyed orders in the presence of an immediate danger : and perhaps their growl had really relieved their ill humour. Roberts with delight saw them come tumbling up, and gave his orders lustily :

"Brail up the trysel! Up with the helm! in with the weather main brace! square the after yards!"

The ship's bow turned from the wind, and, as soon as she got way on her, Roberts ran below again; and entered the cabin triumphant.

"That is all right : and now, Captain Dodd, a word with you : you will either retire at once to your cabin, or will cease to breed disaffection in my crew, and groundless alarm in my passengers, by instilling your own childish, ignorant fears. The ship has been underlogged a hundred miles, and but for my caution in lying to for clear weather we should be groping among the Fern is!"

CRASH!

An unheard-of shock threw the speaker and all the rest in a mass on the floor, smashed every lamp, put out every light : and, with a fierce grating noise, the ship was hard and fast on the French coast, with her stern to the sea.

One awful moment of silence; then amidst shrieks of agony, the sea struck her like a rolling rock, solid to crush, liquid to drown : and the comb of a wave smashed the cabin windows and rushed in among them as they floundered on the floor; and wetted and chilled them to the marrow; a voice in the dark cried, "Oh God! we are dead men!"

#### INDIAN SERVANTS.

EVERYBODY in India has servants—every European, at any rate. There is no such arrangement known as depending upon the servants of other people, as do bachelors of moderate means, and others who choose to live in lodgings, in England. A native will not serve two masters—at least, not avowedly. He has been sometimes known to take two salaries under the rose, and to divide his attentions between two persons—but in such a case the dishonesty compensates him, I suppose, for the unnatural character of the proceeding. As a general rule, the humblest of Europeans in India employ natives still humbler, to do their bidding. If a gentleman keep an European man-servant—a very rare occurrence, by the way—that man-servant will keep at least one native, to whom he stands in the proud relation of master. And if a lady keep an European maid—which

is much more frequent—that maid will have her native *Ayah* almost as a matter of course. Even soldiers in barracks do not attend upon themselves as they do in England. Cavalry troopers have a certain number of *Syces* assigned them to look after their horses; and in the infantry, also, natives do a great deal of the rough work for the men, who have an easy time of it compared with their daily experience in this country. In India, in fact, everybody has a subordinate—the native servants themselves finding others of a lower class to do their bidding. In England, Captain Absolute lords it over Fag, and Fag lords it over the Boy : in India the boy has somebody to lord it over too, and the boy's somebody has *his* victim.

You may suppose, therefore, that an Englishman in India who happens to be a gentleman—or to occupy the position of one—has a little troop of dependents always at his back. They are a great nuisance at first. He does not know one from the other, so much alike do they look. But as a shepherd makes the individual acquaintance of his flock by degrees, so does the English master gradually recognise the natives in his pay, and reconcile himself, after a time, to being followed and watched about, and receiving assistance which he does not require. An Englishman, upon his first arrival in Calcutta, still indulges in his home idea that he is competent to retire to rest without the co-operation of any other individual. But he finds, at the outset, that he is not master of his own actions in this respect. The personal attendant whom he has engaged in the morning is not so easy to be thrown off at night. The idea of walking upstairs with a flat candlestick, and locking himself in his bedroom, is too preposterous to be entertained. There is no such thing as a flat candlestick to be had, in all probability, and it may be that the room has no door more decided than a curtain. However, the apartment is sure to be well lighted up, and is destined to remain so all night; and the servant, who insists upon superintending his master's night toilette down to the minutest particulars, sleeps on the mat outside, so that the arrangement is a cheerful one after all. On getting up in the morning, the master finds himself subjected to a similar ordeal. The attention bestowed is very different from the forbearing courtesy of an European valet, being aggressive and highly irritating to a new arrival. Of course the master is not allowed to shave himself—there is a barber in attendance, who takes care of that, and who will shave him before he is awake if he so desire. Indeed, I have known many men who never had any anxiety about their beards through a happy acquiescence in this plan. In the matter of his bath, an Englishman is very apt to consider himself a free agent; but even this privilege is looked upon, I believe, with a jealous eye, native servants having a dread of allowing their master to be independent in any way of their help, or, rather, of that vague kind of superintendence which they claim to exercise over all his actions.



The new arrival incurs considerable hazard in his selection of servants in the first instance. Not only do their numbers render it out of the question for him to communicate with the former masters of those who present themselves as candidates, but the masters themselves move about so much that it would be a work of infinite labour to find them, even if they are to be found at all. To provide for this difficulty it has become the custom to bestow upon every servant, on dismissing him, a *chittee*, or letter, testifying to his having been in your service, and giving him what we call in Europe "a character." This would be a very excellent arrangement if the character could be relied on, but, unfortunately, it can't. *Chits* (we abbreviate the word in Anglo-Indian circles) are given too indiscriminately; and even were they given only where well deserved, it by no means follows that the right man would always hold the right testimonial. The truth is, that these testimonials are passed from hand to hand, as occasion may require, and are very often made the subject of pecuniary dealings. In the China Bazaar, in Calcutta, they are, I believe, a regular article of merchandise, and may be borrowed or bought by anybody who has occasion for them. As for the unfortunate victim to whom they are submitted, how is he likely to distinguish between the Ramchunders who hold them and the Nubbee Bakhshes to whom they properly refer? An Englishman very seldom troubles himself about the names of his servants. He calls them generally by the names of their respective offices—Bearer, Syce, &c. Their individual designations he may pick up by degrees, as he does their physiognomies, but it is by no means imperative that he particularises thus far. It is not always that he troubles himself to consider the dates of the documents, which are in many cases conspicuously inconsistent with the ages of the holders. I was once presented, by a Khitmutgar seeking a situation in my household, whose age could not be more than five-and-twenty, with a *chit* signed by Sir John Shore at the beginning of the century, and certifying that the bearer had served him long and faithfully, and was a person whom he could strongly recommend. Nor should I be very much surprised to have a couple of *chits* submitted to me, by aspirants for employment, to the following effect:

"This is to certify that the bearer was in my employment for seventeen years as Khansamah. I found him faithful and obedient, and have no hesitation in recommending him as a good servant.  
"CLIVE."

"The bearer served me as a Syce for ten years. I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to his carefulness and general efficiency.  
"W. HASTINGS."

It is almost impossible to gain a knowledge of your servants' antecedents. Those already in your employ will not implicate a new comer, even though he be a convicted thief, or worse. They hold it to be no business of theirs; neither

do they take the same serious view of crime that we are accustomed to take in Europe. Whatever a man is, or has been, it is his destiny, they consider, and he is not to be hastily judged. I heard of a native bearer, since the mutinies of 1857, who was a particular favourite in the family where he was engaged—especially with the children, to whom his kindness was remarkable. All went well, until one day he was identified as a principal agent in the outbreak at Meerut, where, it seems, he had assisted in slaughtering men, women, and children in cold blood. His connexion with the new family was broken off by his being hanged.

As a general rule, however, it must be said that the natives are faithful to those whose salt they eat. If they swindle their masters a little themselves, it is only in accordance with a custom which they consider to confer something like a right, and most certainly they will not allow anybody else to take a similar advantage. Your Bearer, for instance, will relieve you of many more or less considered trifles which he chooses to think you do not want, and your Khansamah will commit similar depredations in the kitchen; but neither will go out of his department to rob you, except under special circumstances; while either may be generally trusted with money, however large the amount. To trust them in this way, indeed, is by far a safer plan than to lock up against them; for in the latter case they will be put upon their ingenuity to defeat your purpose; and native opinion looking upon robbery generally in a charitable light, is even more lenient when the offence is committed against the Feringhee. I am inclined to think that many Hindoos and Mussulmans of otherwise sound (Hindoo and Mussulman) morality, look upon it as quite justifiable—like the Scottish doctor who apologised for killing his English patients, by remarking that it would be a long time before he made up for Flodden.

As illustrative of the peculiar views of honesty taken by the native conscience, I cannot do better than recite a case in point. The following letter—which I have preserved among some other curiosities of the kind—was addressed to me at Allahabad, in the year 1860, by a native writer, or clerk, who solicited employment in my establishment, or "department," as he chose to call it, with a view to which he proposed relinquishing a similar position which he held in a government office. I copy his letter textually. The writer took great credit to himself for his proficiency in the English language:

"Sir,—I most respectfully beg leave to inform you with these few lines as follows:

"That my earnest desire to know the office hours of your department, whether it is ten to four, or it is any other customs. Because I wish to settle about my lodging, where am I to keep in. My present lodging is near the Chouk. Also I shall feel much obliged by your informing me whether your office department shuts on Sunday as the others does.

"I shall speak to Mr. B. to-day in a *pretence way* to leave my present employment—(following)—that *I have received an unexpected letter from my home, stating my old mother is dangerously ill*, for which I am obliged to go down to Calcutta. And if I submit a letter of resignation without doing the above pretence, I think it can detain me a fortnight more. Therefore I have made my best way in a pretence manner to leave my post within 3 days by which I can get out my last month's salary, but to lose the present can't help; I am obliged to do so, but I hope I shall have no objection to draw my wages from your department from the 1st of this month; I hope you will allow me the same and oblige.

"May I request the answer of it by the bearer of this note.

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"RAM COOMAR DOSS.

"P.S.—This is my permanent situation; I am going to leave it; I had a great expectation in future, though only by advice of yours leave it; therefore I beg to state that you have to consider in future for me."

The above, which may not be quite comprehensible to the purely British understanding, meant simply this: The writer wished to leave his situation at once, to enter my service, but desired to make as much as possible out of his old employers before the change. If he left without giving fifteen days' notice, according to law, he would forfeit fifteen days' pay. This he proposed to save by "making a pretence" that "his old mother was dangerously ill," necessitating a journey to Calcutta on the part of her devoted son. By this plea he would get two or three weeks' leave without the loss of pay, and this time he proposed to spend in my service, giving notice of resignation only when his leave was up. By this arrangement he would still forfeit fifteen days' pay; but then he would be gaining it elsewhere, and in the mean time he would enjoy the advantage of drawing pay from two places at once. A notable scheme enough; but even under these favourable circumstances he was determined not to cut the ground from under his feet, as is evinced by his precautionary postscript, in which he mentions that the appointment he was leaving was a permanent one, holding forth good expectations, on which ground he desired to impress upon me that I should make up to him the advantages he was prepared to forfeit in the future.

Now I do not mean to say that an Englishman might not be capable of entertaining an analogous scheme for cheating his employers; but I think I am justified in believing that no European would be such a fool as to parade his plan, and think to recommend himself to a new master by exposing his willingness to impose upon the old. The fact is, that this man—a Bengalee—had not the smallest notion that there was any disgrace in duplicity of the kind. It was quite natural to him, and he conceived that it would be ad-

mired by anybody else who was not the loser by the plan; so I fancy I frightened him by giving him a brief sketch of my ideas upon the subject.

"The old mother dangerously ill," I may add, is a very common device among Indian servants; though, less artistic than my friend Ram Coomar Doss, they generally kill their parents outright. Mussulmans and Hindoos are equally addicted to it. If, for instance, Mohammed Ali, my Khitmutgar, wants to disport himself for a couple of days among his friends, he has not courage to ask for a holiday—however sure he might be of getting it upon general grounds—but he comes with a very long face and tells me that his father is dead; or if he said his father last month he makes it his mother this month. Next month it will be his father again, and so on. According to his own account, he must have had an unlimited supply of parents to begin with. But though he should be well aware that you cannot believe him unless you happen to be an idiot, the fact does not prevent him from repeating the "pretence" whenever he happens to be without any other.

The chits which servants present when applying for employment, sometimes contain a personal description of the proper bearer, in which case the imposition of the transfer generally becomes manifest, as the transferee cannot read English, and takes no trouble to provide against such a contingency. Thus I remember a little woman of eighteen or twenty, with a remarkably smooth complexion, bringing a certificate describing her as tall, about thirty, and marked with the small-pox. On the discrepancy as to size being pointed out, she misunderstood the point, and said that she had grown taller during the six months she had been out of employment. This made matters worse, of course, and the thirty years and small-pox finished her. However, she took the rebuff quite coolly, merely remarking that she had brought the wrong chit, and would go and get another. She went accordingly, but had not courage to come back again; being, I suppose, unusually modest.

Many of the chits with which these people are supplied, are not written by their former employers at all, but are the concoctions of native letter-writers, who get their living by conducting correspondence between their less accomplished countrymen and the Europeans. The natives have a great idea of the dignity and influence of a written communication as compared with an oral one. Thus, if one of your servants has an application of any importance to make to you, he will frequently make it by means of an English letter, although he would have no difficulty in getting a hearing, and you would have no difficulty in understanding what he said. The scribes not being themselves, for the most part, very proficient in English—though their handwriting, as a general rule, looks wonderfully European and business-like—sometimes give a very lively idea of their client's meaning. The following—which I copy from the original—will serve as a sample of the general style of the correspondence. It is a letter from

a native servant to his European master during the absence from home of the latter on duty in the district :

"Sir,—I beg leave to inform you that at present it rains continually, and consequently I am very difficult to polish the furniture without polishing wax. And rather I have a good news to inform you, sir, that your madam's she goat, Nany, brought forth two babes last evening; one is male and the other is female; one is black and the other is a white spotted one; so I am trying my best to take care of them, taking much pains from the dangers come to happen, that is the neighbouring dogs and guanas frequently coming to devour them, which is prevented by my lovely attendance, and sleeping near them at night.

"Sir, please give the information of this intelligence to our mistress.

"Sir, please send me the expense for the animals, and also I like to have some money from my wages for my expenses, sir.

"Your most obedient servant,

"C. D. CAROLIN APPOO."

The accounts which you receive from your servants are always written by these scribes, who have sometimes the merest scintillation of scholarship to guide their lonely way in the language. A Bearer of mine up country used to employ an old cripple, who had only a very vague smattering of English, to translate his accounts for him. Most wonderful things appeared monthly. A small donation to a native Christian was thus entered :

"Charities for the drunken beggar..... 1 R."

Another item was as follows :

"For one wine screws ..... 1 R."

I suppose he meant a corkscrew.

Cash was always thus noted :

"Sir, I give, you take ..... 4 Rs."

The amanuensis always concluded with a brief allusion to himself, generally in the following terms :

"The above written by one deserving poor man, and one pony by reason of bad legs, with very children."

The inconsequential nature of this appeal is equalled only by the remark of the judge :

"Prisoner at the bar, Providence has blessed you with health and strength, *instead of which* you go about the country stealing ducks."

One letter which I received from a native servant, concluded with this salutation—"I remain, sir, your beautiful bearer, Durwasah Doss."

Correspondence between natives is generally a much more simple affair than where an European is concerned. The better classes write through the post, as we do; but the poor cannot afford this luxury, though the charge for a letter, not exceeding something like a quarter of an ounce, is only a half-anna, or three-farthings sterling. The Oorlah bearers in Calcutta have a very primitive way of managing such matters when

they want to communicate with their families in the country. They write on a leaf, with an iron style, and ask the first person they meet walking that way to pass it in the direction (say) of Cuttack. The droll part of the arrangement is, that the letter always arrives in safety.

I mentioned just now that my bearer described a native Christian, to whom I had given a donation, as "the drunken beggar." This may, of course, have been a little piece of prejudice; but I am afraid the epithet is not unlikely to be deserved. The Christian converts are not always among the most respectable of the native community. Complete outcasts from their own countrymen, they have no great congeniality with Europeans, and, unless well taken care of, they are very apt to relapse, and become completely demoralised. Indeed, a native Christian usually considers that the Europeans are bound to provide for him in return for his conversion, and not a few, there is every reason to believe, embrace Christianity with this special end in view. Doubtless there are many sincere converts; but even these are reduced to so helpless a condition, if left to themselves, that their claims upon European sympathy cannot be denied. As, however, it is found difficult to satisfy every native who may honour us by changing his religion according to his own ideas, we find them here and there unprovided for, subsisting by begging, and with no other consolation than getting drunk.

It may be asked, why not employ them in domestic service? Some few persons do, but the plan is attended by many difficulties. In the first place, the Christian is sure to get bullied beyond all bounds by his Mussulman and Hindoo fellow-servants. To get a complete establishment of Christians would be no easy task, and, even in the event of success, a new difficulty would arise. A Christian Khansamah would be so bullied in the bazaar that the supply of food for the family would be most precarious; and few persons, however favourable to Indian missions, care to run the risk of being starved three days in the week. Moreover, unless you managed to convert all the neighbouring water-carriers, your supply of that necessary element might be cut off at any time. There would, in fact, be a dead set made against a Christian establishment, which could never be kept in working order. For these reasons we find that very few persons venture to employ Christian servants. The great majority will get them situations as clerks or teachers; will grant them gratuitous pensions even; but they will have nothing to do with them in their own houses, unless they wish to have the said houses made too hot to hold them—a very unnecessary arrangement in India.

There is another class of servants which judicious masters avoid as much as possible. I mean natives who speak English. I here allude principally to Bengal; in Bombay and Madras the accomplishment is more general, and is not attended with the same inconvenient results.

The new arrival at Calcutta is very often tempted to take the first man who offers himself with this recommendation. But before he has become independent of the aid, he finds out his mistake. The native who talks English—unless he belong to the educated classes—is nearly always a rascal. If not a thief, he is generally a drunkard; and in any case he is certain to set the whole house in confusion. The accomplishment he has picked up, gives him, he considers, a peculiar right to his master's ear; and whether the right be recognised by the master or not, its assumption is quite sufficient to render the rest of the servants jealous, and keep the whole establishment in a state of disaffection. The consequence is, that complaints on the one side, and counter-complaints on the other, are bandied to and fro until the unfortunate master finds the burden of life more than he can bear. In this dilemma he has to choose between turning away his accomplished servant or dispensing with the remainder of the household. The former is the easier course, so the accomplished servant goes. Those men who speak English really have a notion, I believe, that they belong to a class superior to their fellows. I had a servant of the kind once. Pussoo was rather darker in complexion than the majority of the natives, some of whom, in the North-West, are scarcely less fair than ourselves—or than Spaniards, at any rate. Pussoo was nearly as black as one's boots; and I had a theory that he cleaned and shined himself by the same process which he employed upon those articles of wear. But when he had to make any complaint against his fellows, he would never fail to speak disrespectfully of them with regard to their complexion. Thus he would say:

"You very wrong, master, to pay so much to that man. The more you give to these black fellows the more they want." Or:

"There no need to give him holiday, sare. His father no more dead dan I am. These black natives, sare, always ungrateful—he think no better of you for all you do for him."

I really believed for a time that Pussoo was sincere and faithful, and looked after my welfare; but I soon found that he merely considered me as his property, and wished to get as large an interest upon me as possible. It became manifest by degrees that every payment I made through Pussoo was about half as large again as need be—even allowing for the ordinary *dustoor*, or commission—and that the difference went into Pussoo's pocket. He began to get so fat and haughty as to be unbearable to everybody in the house, or the compound; and when he added to his other concessions to European civilisation the habit of getting into what Mr. Yellowplush calls a "beastly state of intawgsciation," there was nothing for it but to get rid of him.

On the whole—making all allowances—I am not inclined to give Indian servants the bad character ascribed to them by some of our countrymen. The stories of the ill-treatment they are

said to receive from Europeans, are exaggerations as applied to any period, and have in the present day not much foundation in fact. Occasionally we hear of some disgraceful outbreak of temper on the part of an European, and the death of a native in consequence—for a native, if suffering from any disease, may be killed like a fly. But such cases have always been rare, and are becoming more and more rare. For the rest, any European who strikes a native may be punished for the assault as in England; and the native has begun to find this out, and freely takes his remedy. Still, without infringing the law, there are many of our countrymen in India who treat their servants with more harshness than is necessary, and they are the persons who are uniformly worst served. Those who practise a system of kindness and consideration, joined to punctual payments, will experience far less trouble in managing an establishment in India than they would incur in conducting an establishment at home. For it is a mistake to suppose that "all niggers are rascals"—even supposing that the natives of India were "niggers" at all—and that there is no such thing as gratitude among them, however inadequately the word may be represented in their language.

#### HAUNTED HOXTON.

At last my guilty wishes are fulfilled! At last I am enabled to look back into the past, and think that one great object of my life has been realised, for I have seen a GHOST! Shade of (ah! by the way, I forget the name of the shade, and I've left the document which could inform me in my overcoat-pocket! never mind!) sacred shade, who appeared simultaneously to me and to some hundreds of entranced people, thou hast, so far as I am concerned, set the vexed question of apparitions at rest for ever. My interest in the ghost subject has been intense. I have read every story bearing upon it, and worked myself up to a delightful pitch of agonised excitement. Alone, and in the dead of night, do I peruse the precious volumes; the mere fact of the scene being laid in "an old castle in the Black Forest," gives me a pleasing sensation of terror; when the student seated alone in the tapestried room finds "the lights begin to burn with a blue and spectral hue," I shake; when there "reverberates through the long passages a dismal clanking of chains," I shiver; finally, when "the door bursts open with a tremendous crash," and there enters "a tall figure clothed in white, with one clot of gore immediately below its heart," I am in a state of transcendent bliss, and only long to have been in the student's place. Some years ago I thought I had a chance of realising my hopes. I read a book called, I think, *The Nightgown of Nature*, the author of which announced that he—or she—was thoroughly well acquainted with several houses where spectres appeared nightly with unexampled punctuality—houses "within a convenient dis-



tance from London, and accessible by rail," as house-agents say—and I wrote to him—or her—for the address of one of these houses, stating that I intended to pass a night there. He—or she—replied that though his—or her—statement was thoroughly correct, he—or she—must decline giving the address of any particular house, as such a course would be detrimental to the value of the property, and might render him—or her—liable to an action at law on the part of the landlord. So I was disappointed.

I heard, however, the other day, that a real ghost, real as to its unreality, its impalpability, its visionary nothingness, was to be seen in a remote and unknown region called Hoxton. I had previously heard that the same, or a similar spectre, haunted Regent-street, but I laughed at the notion. Regent-street! with the French boot-shop, and the ice-making man, and the Indian pickle depôt opposite! A ghost in juxtaposition to electrical machines, a diver who raps his helmet with half-pence, and the awful insects in the drop of water! But Hoxton—there was something ghostly in the very name, and the place itself was as unfamiliar to me as Terra del Fuego. Nobody to whom I spoke knew anything about it; they "had heard the name;" it was "somewhere out north," they thought. Ah! in an instant my fancy sketches the spot. A quaint old suburb, where the railway has not yet penetrated, where sleepy cows chew the cud of peace in quiet meadows, where ploughmen whistle o'er the lea (whatever that may happen to mean), where huge elms yet stand waving their giant limbs before square red brick mansions. One of these mansions for years untenanted, roofless, dismantled, a murder was committed in it years ago: an old man with silver hair, a spendthrift nephew, a box of gold, a carving-knife, a well in garden where weapon is discovered years afterwards, a wailing cry at twelve P.M., a tottering figure wringing its hands—yes, that must be it, or something very like it! I determined to go to Hoxton that night.

There was no railway—so far I was right—and I went to my destination in a cab. After a little time I found we were striking out of the great thoroughfares of commerce into narrow by-lanes, where a more pastoral style of living prevailed, where fried fish of a leathery appearance lay in tangled heaps on the slabs of windowless fish-shops, where jocund butchers, seemingly on the best terms with their customers, kept up a perpetual chorus of "Buy, buy!" and slapped the meat before them with a carving-knife and a gusto that together seemed to give quite an appetite to the hesitating purchaser. We passed several graveyards deep set in the midst of houses—dank, frouzy, rank, run-to-seed places, where Pelions of "Sacred to the memory" were heaped upon Ossas of "Here lieth the remains," and out of which the lank sapless grass trembled through the railings and nodded feebly at the passers-by. Good places for ghosts these! City ghosts of

misers and confidential clerks, and trustees who committed suicide just before the young gentleman whom they had had in trust came of age, and would have infallibly found out all about their iniquities. I peered out of the cab in quest of any chance apparition, but saw none, and was very much astonished when the driver, to whom I had given particular instructions, pulled up before a brilliantly lighted doorway, round which several cadgers were disporting themselves. These youths received me with great delight, and one said, "You come along with me, sir! I'll take you to the hout and houest old spectre in the neighbr'ood. This way, sir!" He led the way along a lighted passage, between rough brick walls, until we arrived at a barrier, where—after a muttered conversation between my guide and the janitor—a shilling was demanded of me, after paying which I was provided with a card talisman and left to find my way alone. Down a broad passage on one side of which was a recess where sandwiches lay piled like deals in a timber-yard, where oranges were rolled up in pyramidal heaps of three feet high, and where there was so much ginger-beer that its simultaneous explosion must infallibly have blown the roof off the building, down a flight of asphalted stairs, at the bottom of which a fierce man wrung my card talisman from me and turned me into a large loose box, the door of which he shut behind me. A loose box with a couple of chairs in it, a looking-glass, a flap table—a loose box open on one side, looking through which opening I see hundreds of people ranged in tiers above each other. Turning to see what they are all intent on, I see a stage—I'm tricked! I'm done! the loose box is a private box, and I'm in a theatre.

Left to myself, what could I do but look at the stage, and, doing that, how could I fail to be intensely interested? I speedily made myself acquainted with the legend being there theatrically developed, and, beyond that the colour was, perhaps, a little heightened, I did not find it more or less preposterously unlike anything that could, by any remote possibility, ever have occurred than is usual in dramatic legends. The scene of action being laid at the present time, I found the principal character represented to be a BARONET (he had a name, but he was invariably spoken of by everybody, either with yells of hatred or shoulder-shrugs of irony, as "the Baronet"), and certainly he was the most objectionable old gentleman I have ever seen. The mere fact of his walking about, in the present day, in a long claret-coloured coat, a low-crowned hat with a buckle in the front, and boots which, being apparently made of sticking-plaster, had tassels like bell-pulls, was in itself irritating; but his moral conduct was horrible. He seemed to have an insane desire for the possession of his neighbours' property, not felonious in his intentions, but imbued with a buying mania, and rabidly ferocious when said neighbours refused to sell. First among his coveted

possessions stood the house and garden of a clergyman's widow (no mistake about her widowhood! the deepest black, and such a cap, all through the piece!), who obstinately refused to part with an inch of her ground. Baronet smiles blandly, and informs us that he will "have recourse to stratyjūm." Widow has two daughters, one very deep-voiced and glum, the other with her hair parted on one side (which, theatrically, always means good nature), and funny. Funny daughter is beloved by Baronet's son—unpleasant youth in cords, top-boots, and a white hat, made up after Tom King the highwayman, vide Turpin's Ride to York; or, The Death of Black Bess (Marks, Seven Dials), *passim*. Baronet proposes that son should get clergyman's daughter to steal lease of premises, promising to set son up in life, and allow him to marry object of affections. Son agrees, works upon daughter's vanity; daughter, who is vague in Debreit, is overcome by notion of being called the Right Honourable Mrs. —, a title which, as the wife of a baronet's son, she is clearly entitled to—steals the lease, hands it to son, who hands it to Baronet, who, having got it, nobly repudiates not merely the whole transaction, but son into the bargain: tells him he is not son, but merely strange child left in his care, and comes down and winks at audience, who howl at him with rage.

That was the most wonderful thing throughout the evening, the contest between the audience and the Baronet. Whenever the Baronet made a successful move (and Vice had it all its own way for nearly a couple of hours), the audience howled and raved against him, called "Yah!" whistled, shrieked, and hooted, and the Baronet advanced to the footlights and grinned across them, as though he should say, "I'm still all right in spite of you!" When a villain who, for a sum of money advanced by the Baronet, had murdered an old man, and was afterwards seized with remorse, stole the lease from the Baronet's pocket, the multitude in the theatre cheered vociferously; but the Baronet, after proving that the purloined parchment was only a copy, and not the original document, which he still retained, calmly walked down to the front of the stage, and literally winked at the people, tapping his breast, where the lease was, in derision, and goading the audience to the extremity of frenzy.

There were several pleasant episodes in which the Baronet was the mainspring: hiding fifty-pound notes in the glum sister's bundle, accusing her of robbery, and having her locked up in his house, whence she was rescued by the murdering villain who had previously (out of remorse) set the house on fire; but at length the widow, who a minute before had been remarkably lively, and had "given it" to the Baronet with great vehemence and cap-shaking, suddenly declared her intention of dying, and though a young gentleman with a sugar-loaf hat and a coat with a little cape to it, like the pictures of Robespierre, announced himself as a lawyer, who would defend her and

hers against anything and everybody, she forthwith carried out her intention, sat down on a chair, and died, out of hand. There was a faint pretext of sending for the doctor, but there was an evident fear on the part of most lest that practitioner should really restore the patient, and thus burk the great effect of the piece, so the idea was overruled, and the Baronet, advancing to the footlights, rubbed his hands in derision at the audience, and the audience, cognisant of the fact that the decease of the widow was necessary to the subsequent appearance of her ghost, merely answered with a subdued "Yah!" At this point my former conductor opened the box-door and beckoned me out. "Come in front," he said; "it's ghost time!" The words thrilled to my very soul, I followed him in silence, and took my place in the boxes, close by a lady whose time was principally occupied in giving natural sustenance to her infant, and an older female, apparently the child's grandmother, who was a victim to a disease which I believe is popularly known as the "rickets," and which impelled her at three-minute intervals to shudder throughout her frame, to rock herself to and fro, to stuff the carved and hooked black bone handle of an umbrella, that looked like a tied-up lettuce, into her mouth, and to grind out from between her teeth, clenched round the umbrella-handle, "Oh, deary deary me!" On my other side were a youth and maiden, so devoted to each other that they never perceived my entrance into the box, and I had not merely to shout, but to shove, before I could effect a passage, when there was such a disentanglement of waists from arms, and interlaced hot hands, and lifting of heads from shoulders, that I felt uncomfortable and apologetic, whereas the real offenders speedily fell back into their old position, and evidently regarded me as a Byronic creature, to whom life was a blank.

The ghost did not appear at once. Though the widow had slipped into a very stiff position in her chair, and everybody around her had said either "Ha!" or "The fatal moment!" or "Alas!" or "All is over!" as their several tastes led them, it was thought necessary to make the fact of her death yet more clear, so upon the front parlour, where the sad occurrence took place, fell a vast body of clouds of the densest kind, out of which, to slow music, there came two or three ethereal persons with wings, which wagged in a suspicious manner, bearing the widow's body "aloft," as Mr. Dibdin has it with reference to Tom Bowling, and thereby copying in the most direct and unequivocal manner (but not more directly and unequivocally than I have seen it in theatres of grand repute, where critics babbled of the manager's transcendent stage-direction) Herr Lessing's picture of Leonore. To meet these, emerged, in mid-air from either side of the stage, other ethereal persons, also with wings, whose intended serenity of expression was greatly marred by the obstinacy of the machinery, which propelled them in severe jerks,

at every one of which the set smile on their faces faded into a mingled expression of acute bodily pain and awful terror lest they should fall down: while, on a string like larks, or a rope like onions, there swayed to and fro across the proscenium, a dozen of the stoutest and most unimaginative naked Cupids that ever got loose from a valentine, or were made by a property-man.

As the act-drop fell upon this scene, which in itself represented something not to be met with in every-day life, some distrust was expressed in my neighbourhood lest there should be nothing more ghostly than we had just witnessed, but the old lady with the umbrella set us to rights by recovering suddenly from a severe attack of rickets, and exclaiming, "Them ghosts! Oh no, sir! In the next ack we shall see *her*, and which the music will play up for us to give attention." So accordingly, when the fiddles wailed, and the trombone and clarinet prostrated themselves figuratively in the dust, I looked with all my eyes, and saw the curtain rise upon the Baronet's apartment, which was the most singularly constructed room I ever beheld. The portion of the floor nearest to us was perfectly flat, as is the case with most floors, but after about three feet of flatness there rose in its centre, and stretching from side to side, a long, sloping, green mound, in military language a "glacis," up which the Baronet had to walk when he wanted to proceed towards the back of the apartment, where all the chairs, tables, and furniture generally had withdrawn themselves, and up which he himself climbed, as though M. Vauban had taken the place of Mr. Cubitt, and as though outworks and entrenchments were as common in London drawing-rooms as lounging-chairs and grand pianos.

On the top of this entrenchment stood, on either side, two thick dumpy pillars, supporting a heavy piece of masonry, which joined them together at the top, and which looked like a portion of the ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek seen through the wrong end of the opera-glass; or, to use an illustration nearer home, like the front of the catacombs of Kensal-green or Highgate cemeteries. Between these pillars was a hazy vista into which the Baronet walked, and seating himself on a stool in the corner, so as to be quite out of the way, commenced informing us (without any apparent necessity for the statement) of his disbelief in all supernatural appearances, and of his thorough contempt for Death—ha! ha! The second of the two vocal double-knocks given by him in ha! ha! had scarcely been given, when there appeared in the middle of the empty space behind the pillars a stereoscopic skeleton exactly like that which dances in the Fantoccini—so like, that one looked for the string which guides that puppet's movements (and which, of course, in the present instance, was not to be seen), and expected him momentarily to fall to pieces and re-unite in a comic manner. At this sight the

Baronet appeared a little staggered; he said, "Ha! do I then behold thee?" and retreated several paces on his heels, but recovering himself, exclaimed, "'Tis a dream, an ill-yousion!" and advanced towards the skeleton, which disappeared, to return immediately armed with a dart, or harpoon, with which it made several well-intentioned but harmless thrusts at the Baronet, who appeared immensely flabbergasted by the harpoon, and begged piteously to be spared. Either the skeleton was moved by the appeal or he had work somewhere else, for he disappeared again, and no sooner was he gone than the Baronet so plucked up that he declared he defied Death altogether, and was beginning to be offensively joyous, when in the place where the skeleton had been, appeared the ghost of the widow in her shroud! No mistake about it now! There she was, a little foreshortened, a little out of the perpendicular, leaning forward as though accustomed to a cramped and confined space, and not daring to stand upright! For the Baronet this was, to use a vulgar metaphor, a "corker." He rubbed his head, but there was nothing there; he tried a taunt, but the ghost answered him with deep-voiced briskness; he rushed towards her, and rushed right through her! Finally, he picked up from the table, where, 'as we know, they always lay in libraries, a long sword, with which he aimed a very unskilful blow at his visitant. The sword passed through the ghost, who was apparently tickled, for it exclaimed, "Ha! ha!" and disappeared, and the Baronet fell exhausted in the very spot where the ghost had been! Up went the lights, down went the curtain, and the audience gave one great gasp of relief, and pretended they hadn't been frightened—which they had!

Unquestionably! undoubtedly! The skeleton had been a failure; ribalds in the pit had mocked at him—had given tremulous cries of feigned terror—shouted "O-oh! m—y!" and pretended to bury their heads in their jacket-collars; boys in the gallery had called upon him to dance, and had invited their friends to "look at his crinoline;" the arm of the youth in front of me tightened round the waist of the maiden with evident conveyance of the idea that *that* alone could them part; and the old lady with the umbrella had considered him a "mangy lot." But the ghost was a very different matter; when it appeared, not a sound in the pit, not a whisper in the gallery; all open-mouthed, eager, tremulous excitement! The old grandmother clasped the umbrella like a divining-rod, and muttered a hoarse "Deary—dear—ry me!" the mother let the infant fall flat and flaccid on her lap, the youth's arm unbent, and the maiden, rising stiffly three inches from her seat, said, "Go'as!" and remained rigid. Only one sound floated on the air, and that was emitted by a French gentleman, with more buttons on his waistcoat than I ever saw on a similar amount of cloth (how on earth did a foreigner penetrate to Hoxton?), who

clutched his curly-brimmed hat between his fat fists and hissed out, "A—h! Superbe!"

It was his testimony and it is mine!

### LIGHTNING PICTURES.

THE first lightning picture I have read of, was recorded by Benjamin Franklin. A man was standing on the threshold of a house, when lightning struck a tree right opposite to him, and marked upon his breast a picture or counter-proof of the tree. This fact was deemed too marvellous to be believed. A committee of the French Academy of Sciences being appointed to investigate the circumstances in 1785, they reported that the picture, or appearance, was nothing more than a fortuitous effusion of blood.

But the testimonies in support of lightning pictures, from various quarters, have been too concurrent and irresistible, and the corroborations they have received from the progress of discoveries and inventions have been too numerous and striking, for the scepticism of learned men to be any longer possible. It has been, moreover, characteristic of learned men in all ages to conceal their ignorance under contradictory and unmeaning phrases; but now that the present generation know so much more than their predecessors did of the effects of light, the time seems come when explanations may be obtained instead of contradictions in reference to the greatest of all the marvels effected by lightning.

In 1825 a brigantine was at anchor in the bay of Armiro, at the mouth of the Adriatic. A horse-shoe was nailed, for luck, upon the mizenmast, and a sailor was sitting on deck at the foot of the mast. A thunder-storm coming on, lightning struck the mast and killed the sailor. When the body of this sailor was examined by the crew, and by the authorities, an exact representation of the horse-shoe was plainly seen upon his back. Some time afterwards, another sailor was killed on the deck of another brigantine, in the Zantian roads. Up in the rigging there was a metal number 44, and when the body was examined there was found upon his left breast a lightning picture of the metallic number 44.

The report (*Comptes Rendus*) of the Academy of Sciences for the 25th January, 1847, mentions the case of a lady of Laguna who, whilst sitting before an open window during a thunder-storm, had a picture of a flower distinctly and ineffaceably marked upon her leg.

The following case is narrated by a Dr. Decapulo, of Zante, respecting a young man who had been killed by lightning; I shall merely translate his words. "Having stripped the young Polili, we observed a tight cloth belt round his loins, and in the lining of this belt we found fourteen gold pieces, wrapped up in two little paper packets. The packet on his right side contained a Spanish pistol, three guineas, and two half guineas; and, in the paper packet on his left side, there were another Spanish

pistole, four guineas, one half guinea, and two Venetian sequins. No trace of fire was discernible either on the cloth, the paper, or the money. Yet upon the right shoulder of this victim of lightning, there were distinctly seen six circles, which, preserving their flesh colour, were all the more strongly marked upon the blackened skin. These circles followed each other, touching at a point, and were of three different sizes, corresponding exactly to the gold coins which the young man had in the packet on the right side of his belt. These facts were verified and attested by the magistrate who investigated the case, and by the witnesses of the thunder-stroke. I cannot conceive," adds Dr. Decapulo, "how six coins which were piled upon each other came to be here depicted separately and in line."

One more illustration. This case I publish on the testimony of some perfectly trustworthy friends of mine resident in Boston, Massachusetts. During a thunder-storm a woodsman was felling a tree in a forest, striking hard with his axe, and working with his head, arms, and neck, bare. The lightning killed him. After the storm he was found lying dead, and upon his neck there was a picture of the forest trees just opposite to the spot where he lay.

Scientific men will not now-a-days talk, in presence of these facts, of fortuitous effusions of blood. They now know a great number of corroborative facts. M. Arago was acquainted with most of the circumstances bearing on this subject; and yet—in accordance, perhaps, with the policy of all individuals and corporations who set themselves up as authorities, never to acknowledge an error—the perpetual secretary of the Academy does not mention this effect in his excellent work on thunder and lightning. Almost every aspect of Lightning is considered by him, except Lightning as a Limner.

The explanation of these engravings by lightning remains to be discovered. Science has still to discover the craft mysteries of Thunder, the Photographer. But we know now that there is electricity in everything. The representations which certain objects make upon each other by mere proximity—as when the key-hole of a gold watch is found delineated upon the inside surface of the case—have had the attention of the inquisitive turned to them by Meser and others. M. Fusinieri sent a spark of artificial lightning from a gold ball through a pretty thick silver plate, and showed on both sides of it circular layers of volatilised gold. Both these circles of gold on the plate of silver were formed out of the gold in fusion in the spark, and which went with the spark through the plate. The air, we know, holds, at least as high up as the region of storm-clouds, sulphur, iron, and other metals in fusion, or gaseous vapour; and it was from this fact that Fusinieri explained the sulphurous stains on walls, and the ferruginous marks on trees. There is said to be iron enough in a man to make a knife, and in twenty-four men to make a sword. There is iron in our flesh and in our blood. The iron in



the blood performs a most important service in the maintenance of life. As everybody knows, it is the oxygenation of the blood which vitalises it; but comparatively few know that the oxygen floats in the living or arterial blood upon filmy floats of iron. Thus, literally, life floats on iron ships. Moreover, no one needs reminding that Daguerre and Talbot have based a most delightful art upon the action of light on silver in solution. By M. Devincergi's process, a design can be put upon a zinc plate by photography, instead of being copied by an artist. Mercury and silver have, it is affirmed, been extracted from patients placed in baths and subjected to the action of artificial electricity, although it is difficult to imagine how this could be done without extracting simultaneously iron from the blood. Now, remembering all these discoveries and inventions, and considering Fusinieri's gold circles on his silver plate, may not the metallic number forty-four, the horse-shoe, and the gold coins, have been marked upon the skins of the sailors by the fused metals volatilised in the lightning? The pictures of the trees and the flower might equally be due to the metals fused in the lightning leaving behind them, on the bodies passed through, representations of their outline, just as the circular layers of gold represented the gold ball.

#### GLOVES.

THE old proverb goes, that for a glove to be well made, three nations must have a hand in it: Spain must dress the leather, France cut the shape, and England sew the seams. At the present time, France has the monopoly, at least in reputation; for not even the best Spanish kid would be preferred to the rat-skins of Paris, nor can the stoutest English sewing compete for favour—we will not speak of excellence—with those slender, easily loosened stitches of French needles, so sure to give way at the ball of the thumb, and in the three-cornered joinings of the fingers. Though, indeed, the French glove sewers use a machine invented by an Englishman, which should secure the wearer against all such mishaps as flying ends and ripped seams; only it does not. But for all their shortcomings, French gloves are unapproachable, even in these days of general commerce and awakened wits, when everybody imitates everybody, and there is no special art left to any one; and neither Cordova nor Dent can give us such well-cut, well-fitting, well-looking, and desirable "hand shoes," as those delicately tinted marvels to be found on the Boulevards of the Circe of modern cities.

Gloves are very different now to what they used to be, say in Queen Elizabeth's time, when they were perfumed—then called Frangipanni gloves, from the Italian marquis of the same name, who first invented that delicate art, as well as the special perfume employed; but later the scent was called here the Earl of Oxford's perfume, from its English chaperon and introducer. And not only

perfumed, but lined and quilted, and "trimmed with four tufts or roses of coloured silk," were the Elizabethan gloves; as we find in the description of that royal lady's hand shoes. Perfumed gloves are said by some old writers to have been first brought into England by that same consummate coxcomb and fop, Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, when he came back from his self-appointed exile in Italy, in the fifteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, laden with sweet scents and nick-nacks and man-millinery of all descriptions; and it is said, too, that the earl presented her majesty with her first pair—among other things, new, costly, and curious. A gift so pleasing to gracious majesty, that she insisted on being pictured with them on her hands. For Elizabeth, though a mighty queen and tolerable ruler enough, was a villainously bad artist, and understood no more of the harmonies than a modern Choctaw. But if perfumed or Frangipanni gloves were first brought in by the Earl of Oxford, what, then, was "the payer of sweete gloves, lined with white vellat, each glove trimmed with 8 buttons, and 8 small aiglets of gold enamelled," mentioned in Henry the Eighth's secret inventory of his wardrobe at Hampton Court? If these were not Frangipanni gloves, they were very like them.

Those "sweete gloves" were dangerous sometimes. At a time when poisons were so subtle that they could be conveyed in any medium whatsoever—food or clothing indiscriminately—and when gifts of gloves, perfumed delicately, were common among friends—and enemies—sweet-scented hand shoes were as fit instruments of death as anything else; and, unless history belies her, Catherine de Medicis knew the value of them on more than one occasion. Ruddy-cheeked apples or Frangipanni gloves, it was all one; for what matters it to us of what metal the type is cast which prints the word *Finis* across the page? It was so easy, too, to give the death-blow under the guise of friendliness; for nothing was more common in the way of present-making than gloves, perfumed or not. Ann, Countess of Pembroke, that heroine of stately biography, was great in this. She was always taking her friends into her chamber after dinner, to kiss them and give them new gloves. "My cousin Thomas Sandford's wife of Askham and her second son" one day dined with her. After dinner she kissed the wife, and took the son by the hand, gave to her a pair of buckskin gloves, and to him five shillings, which doubtless he appreciated more. At another time she kissed the women of Mr. Thomas Burbeck and Mr. Cotterick, gave ten shillings to some, and a pair of buckskin gloves to Mr. Carleton; once, also, a pair of "buckskin gloves that came from Kendal," to a Mrs. Winch, of Settra Park. Royalty, too, used to make the same gifts; only something costlier. At the Earl of Arran's sale, in 1759, a pair of gloves, given by Henry the Eighth to Sir Anthony Denny, sold for 38*l.* 17*s.*; a pair given by James the First to his son, Edward Denny, sold for 22*l.* 4*s.*; and a pair of mittens, given by

Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, were sold for 25*l.* 4*s.* They were bought by Thomas Denny of Ireland, the direct descendant of the great Sir Anthony Denny, one of Henry the Eighth's executors, and are probably the oldest gloves extant.

Gloves were greatly favoured as special presents on New Year's-day and other solemn occasions of gift-making. By degrees the fashion died out, having first passed through the phases of a glove full of money; then of "glove money" without the glove; until glove-money was a tax long after the meaning of the name had died out, and people had forgotten why it was given or expected. It was not thought indecorous to present New Year's-day gloves even to judges, though they might not be worn; at least not in court, where it was de rigueur that a judge appeared bare handed. Was there suspicion of the itching palm beneath salved over with a silver plaister? Sir Thomas More once decreed a cause in favour of a Mrs. Croaker against Lord Arundel. In the warmth of her gratitude she sent him, on the following New Year's-day, a pair of gloves with forty angels inside; but the lord chancellor wrote back word, that as it would be against good manners to refuse a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, he accepted the gloves, but "their *lining* you will be pleased otherwise to bestow." Pardoned criminals paid to the court a kind of symbolic fee for their escape, in sundry pairs of white gloves. John Bull, who had been outlawed on an indictment for murder, and whose outlawry was reversed in 1464, "paid the fees of gloves to the court, two dozen for the officers of the court, for these in all four shillings, and in addition three pairs of furred gloves for the three judges there, to wit, Markham, chief justice, Yelverton, and Bingham, and so the prisoner went to God." This is from the Year-book of Edward the Fourth, as quoted in Notes and Queries. A different ending this benediction of "ala a Dieu," to that found in the Year-book of the third Edward, when the Bishop of Chester was defendant in a cause against the king—an unjust and illegal attempt on his part—so the bishop got his cause as he deserved; and the report of the disappointed royal reporter concluded with, "and you bishop go to the very great devil without day—au tres-graund deable sans jour."

It is a pretty piece of symbolism, kept up in our formal, unpoetic, matter-of-fact old times, when a pair of white gloves is presented to the judge on the occasion—unhappily too rare—of a maiden assize. In 1856, Lord Campbell held his third maiden assize at Lincoln; the third in six years; so the authorities presented him with a magnificent pair of white gloves, cunningly embroidered and ornamented with Brussels lace, and with the city arms embossed in frosted silver on the back. Not exactly fit for dancing in, but pleasant and acceptable to my lord, doubtless, if good for little but to be kept under a glass case, and respectfully examined. Knitted gloves of silk were common in the early times, before

the delicate white kid came into fashion; also gloves of fair white linen, curiously wrought about with gold and needlework. Kings royally clothed for their burial, were royally gloved as well, in these fair white linen gloves, with gold quatrefoils, or lilies, or other emblems beseeeming on the back, as part of the needful paraphernalia of the grave. Time and the damps of the tomb, which have destroyed the gloves, have left the golden ornaments still entire.

Long before our time gloves were worn, and held to be symbolic too. Xenophon speaks of the Persians as effeminate for clothing their head, their feet, and their hands with thick gloves against the cold. Homer speaks of Laertes in his garden, with gardener's gloves to keep him from the thorns; and another poet, Varro the Roman, says that olives gathered by the naked hand are better than those plucked with gloves. The Chinese think differently about their tea. Athenæus, in his *Deipnosophists*, speaks of a glutton who went to table with his gloves on, that he might eat his meat hotter than the rest, and so get a greater share; and Musonius, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first Christian century, among other invectives against the corruption of the age—that poor age which is always so much more corrupt than its predecessors!—says: "It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft hairy coverings." All of which collection of erudite lore may be found in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*—itself the greatest curiosity.

The Jews knew the value of these hand coverings. That expression in the Psalms, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," is said, in the version known to scholars as the Chaldee Paraphrase, to mean: "Over Edom will I cast out my glove"—I will take possession, I will assert my right, and challenge its denial: throwing the glove being an Eastern manner of taking possession. Also in Ruth, when it says, "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm in all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel"—it was his glove that he plucked off: his glove which Boaz withdrew when he bought the land of Naomi's kinsman, and which he gave up as the symbol of taking possession. So, Saul, after his victory over the Amalekites, set up a hand as the token of his victory; and many Phœnician monuments have an arm and a hand held up as a sign of supremacy and power. The custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the kings of France is a remnant of this old Eastern habit—a glove, indeed, meaning to them investiture. When Conradin was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper Mainfroy, he flung his glove among the crowd as he stood on the scaffold, desiring some one to take it up and carry it to his relatives, who would revenge his death. A knight took it up and brought it to Peter, king of Aragon; who, in virtue of this glove, was afterwards crowned at Palermo. The feudal and old-time

custom of delivering a glove in token of investiture is the same thing. In 1002, the bishops of Paderborn and Moncaro were put in possession of their sees by receiving a glove as the sign thereof. But the custom gradually became a mere fee to the land-stewards or bailiffs on entering into possession of one's land: passing from this symbolic fee to a money payment called glove-money, which then became an ordinary fee to all servants—glove-money, for a pair of gloves presented or service rendered. This has been spoken of before.

This manner of payment, too, is the archaic and original meaning of the white gloves given away at weddings; they were fees given to the bridesmaids and bridesgroom's-men for services rendered. The Belgic custom at weddings is odd. The priest asks the bridegroom for a ring and a pair of gloves; red gloves, if they can be had; with three bits of silver money inside them. Putting the gloves into the bridegroom's right hand, he joins this with the right hand of the bride, and then, dexterously loosing them, he leaves the gloves in the bride's grasp; as a symbol, doubtless, that she is taken possession of, bought and paid for and conquered like any other vassal. We used to do strange things with gloves at weddings. In 1785, a certain surgeon and apothecary was married in the town of Wrexham; and the eye-witness, who tells the anecdote, says: "I saw at the doors of his own and neighbours' houses, throughout the street where he lived, large boughs and parts of trees that had been cut down and fixed there, filled with white paper, cut in the shape of women's gloves, and of white ribbons." Whether any special blessing on the feminine part of the population was expected to follow, remains untold. A pleasant custom, too, was that of giving gloves full of money at weddings: one of the few obsolete which it would be an advantage to revive.

But gloves are also used as symbols of quarrel as well as of possession, and to throw down the gauntlet has always meant to challenge, to assume the right to defend, both in chivalrous times, and before and after. Even we have still the Champion in our coronations, with his well-trained steed, and the beautiful manor of Scrivelsby, held on the easy condition that he shall ride into Westminster Hall—the riding out again, backing, is not quite so pleasant—challenge the assembled universe to dispute the title of the then occupant of the throne, and fling down a gage on the floor: which, in process of time, one of the royal footmen perhaps, or perhaps a beadle, or one of the Household Brigade, will pick up, and return to the special Dymoke performing. Who does not know that beautiful story of Bernard Gilpin, when he went into the church of the Quarrelsome, and saw the gloves hung up as a general challenge to all comers who would care to take an ill-conditioned fellow's insult on their shoulders? The sexton would not for the life of him touch the gloves: but Bernard Gilpin, taking a long pole, lifted them off their hook, and took both them and the quarrel on himself: drawing

them forth during the sermon, and rating the parish soundly for harbouring such evil thoughts, and suffering such unchristian practices to abound. Yet it was a very common thing in chivalrous times to hang up the gauntlet in the church; when woe to him who touched it or took it down! Nothing less than a quarrel à outrance for a cause as silly as the mode of defending it was barbarous. The last challenge by means of a glove was in Queen Elizabeth's time, in the year 1571, on the occasion of a dispute concerning some lands in Kent: when a trial by single combat was demanded—the disputants meeting in court, where one drew his glove and threw it down, and the other picked it up with the point of his sword. For the honour of humanity and common sense the stupid fools were not let to fight; and the rightful ownership of the Kentish lands was settled some other way.

Sometimes a glove was used as the symbol of protection, not of quarrel and insult: and even to this day it is hung out in some towns during fair-times, in remembrance of the time when it was a sign that all who gathered there were safe from those annoying things called duns, and need be under no apprehension of sudden seizure by living shoulder-knots, more startling than pleasing. "Hoisting the glove" is still practised at Exeter during the Lammas Fair. It is a glove of immense size, which is stuffed and carried through the city, hoisted on the top of a long pole all beflowered and be-ribboned, attended with music, the beadies, and the mobility, then hung out of a window of the Guildhall as a sign that the fair has begun; and when it is taken in, the fair is ended. At the Free Mart of Portsmouth, also, a glove was hung out of the window during fair-time, and while it hung no one was arrested. So at Macclesfield, in Cheshire; at Newport, Isle of Wight, during market-time; and at Liverpool, on the fair-days of the 25th of July, and 2nd of November. At Barnstaple, too, a large glove, decked with dahlias, is hung out from the window of the Quay Hall, the oldest building of the city, and while it hangs the fair is going on, and when it is withdrawn the fair is at an end; and at Chester, so famous for its gloves, they do the same thing. The glove, in all these instances, meaning the symbol of protection. Was it protection or possession that the Romans symbolised by their standard of the winged hand of power? And which did the kings of Ulster mean by their device of the hand upon their shields and banners? What is the secret reading of the baronet's bloody hand? What of the red hand of the North American Indians, which they regard so superstitiously? A symbol yet more superstitiously regarded in Mexico, where the red hand daubed on the monuments of Yucatan and Guatemala is believed to have all sorts of hidden power. In Lycia, too, on the tombs there, an open hand is a frequent emblem: and the Turks and Moors regard it as a preservative against the evil eye, provided it be open enough.

To wear a glove in one's hat or cap meant one

of these things, said the old writers: "as a favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy." As a favour of a mistress it was always a popular donation. When Queen Elizabeth, that rampant old coquette, gave her dropped glove to the Earl of Cumberland who picked it up, that benighted individual set it round with diamonds and stuck it in his hat as the greatest, and highest, and richest, and royalest favour man could show; and Shakespeare, and the other dramatists of his date, speak of gloves worn in the cap as ordinary evidence of a lady's favour and a knight's deserving. In *Troilus and Cressida*, *Troilus* gives the lady a sleeve and she gives him a glove; and *Helen* is made to swear "by *Venus' glove*," which we should not in our days think quite sufficiently true to the local colour of *Olympus*; besides many other passages where gloves are spoken of as favours, as well as for an oath; "by gloves" occurring as often as by *Jove*, or by *George*, in modern mouths.

Little *Pigmeus* wears his mistress glove,  
Her ring and feather (favours of her love),  
Who could but laugh to see the little dwarf  
Grace out himself with her imbrodered scarf?  
'Tis strange, yet true, her glove, ring, scarf, and fan,

Makes him (unhandsome) a well-favour'd man.

This was an epigram written in the House of Correction by one T. H.; and it is to be hoped that the unhappy little *Pigmeus*, whoever he was, did not lose his appetite when he read it. A much more beautiful conceit is that of *Wyat*, in that exquisite little bit of his, called:

TO HIS LOVE FROM WHOM HE HAD HER GLOVES.

What nedes these threatning wordes, and wasted winde?

All this cannot make me restore my pray.  
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde;  
Nor causelesse your fair hande did I display.  
Let loue be judge, or els whom next we finde,  
That may both heare what you and I can say.  
She reft my hart, and I a gloue from her;  
Let us se then, if one be worth the other.

Where is the modern lover who would balance the worth of his heart against a soiled glove, even if only six and a quarter, by *Jouvin* or *Houbigant*? Ah! the olden times were younger in some things; in none more so than in the unsuspecting intensity of their love, and the loyalty with which they gave up body and soul to the beloved! There was a very pretty invention of old times, called *Draw-Gloves*—pretty, that is, in its consequences, for no one knows exactly what *draw-gloves* means, or how it was played. *Halliwel*, in his dictionary, calls it talking with the fingers, but it was scarcely that; and others make it out to have been a kind of *mora*, but it was scarcely that either; whatever it was, however, the mode of playing, and the results of the game, were gracious and enticing; according to rich and winey *Herrick's* exposition in his *Pleasant Grove of New Fancies*, when he says:

At Draw-Gloves we'll play,  
And preethee let's lay

A wager, and let it be this:

Who first to the summe

Of twenty doth come

Shall have for his winning a kiss.

Was this the origin of "winning gloves" by kissing in the sleep? In the absence of all knowledge on the subject, one guess is as good as another, and *draw-gloves* may have been a delicious bit of feigning with its full completion in this. There was a pleasant custom, too, connected with the new moon, and gloves, and kissing, that deserves a word. In some country places it was—perhaps is—the custom for a number of young people to assemble together, to watch for the new moon, when whoever saw it first gave his or her neighbour a kiss, and got a pair of gloves as the reward.

The perfection of a modern glove is its smoothness and elasticity, its unexceptionable fit, the delicacy and uniformity of its tint, and a sewing that shall be at once fine and strong: while anything like embroidery or adventitious ornament, or mixture of colours, or incongruous materials, does not count as the best taste in these modern days of luxury and utility combined. But in olden times gloves were often exceedingly costly. That story of *Cœur de Lion* being discovered on his fateful journey by the jewelled gloves which hung at his page's girdle, shows how magnificently they were sometimes adorned; while even Holy Mother Church did not disdain the use of these mundane vanities for her reverend hands, the gloves of all the prelates of England being bedecked with precious stones as parts of ordinary prelatical pomp and useful glory. In the beginning of the ninth century they were even legislated on; and in the time of *Louis le Debonnaire* the Council of *Aix* ordered all godly monks to wear sheepskin gloves only. The embroidered glove was purely episcopal, like the ring and sandals; and when some abbots in France presumed to wear them, the Council of *Poitiers* sharply reproved them for insolence and encroachment. Later, we find them more universal, and by no means so ruinously expensive, though still costly enough, considering the comparative value of money; witness the bill of moneys spent for *Peter Martyr* and *Bernadino Ochin*, when they came over here to delight the souls of the Reformers by their godly zeal, where we find 9s. 3d. for *Bernadino's* "hatt and glovys;" 13s. for "a payre of furred glovys for *P. Marter*," 17. 11s. 3d. "for a peticote, glovys, and night-cap for *Julius*," and 1s. for "2 payer of glovys" for them. In *Henry the Eighth's* time, the churchwardens of *Kingston-upon-Thames* paid threepence for "two payre of glovys for *Robyn Hood* and *Mayde Maryan*," the *morris-dancers* employed by the parish. Which was pretty well of the parish, and showed a decent spirit.

Gloves, too, were used in witchcraft, as when *Joan* and *Philip Flower* stroked the cat *Rutter's* back with *Lord Henry's* gloves, saying "Mount *Rutter* and fly;" and *Rutter* mewed but did not fly, though *Lord Henry* fell sick unto death. Then there is the story of the lady who threw her glove into the arena where the lion stood,



to test the worth of her lover's vows, and who received as her reward the glove flung scornfully back into her face, with the applause of king and court to the daring and disenchanted lover. This is a story which has given two of our best poets occasion for very lovely, if differing, fancies: Leigh Hunt siding with the lover and King Francis, and branding the lady with the shame of heartless coquetry and most unworthy pride; Browning taking, perhaps, the nobler view, and maintaining it to have been a mere test of truth and sincerity, which failed in the application—to the bringing forth of a higher joy. Then there is the monkish legend of Saint Gudule, the patroness of Brussels, who flourished, as the date books say, in the beginning of the eighth century, and who one day came praying in the church with naked feet; praying with such fervour and with feet so naked, that a charitable priest put his gloves under them for shoes, to protect them from chilblains and the damp of the stones. But Saint Gudule kicked the gloves away, and went on with her prayers, while the gloves hung suspended in the air for upwards of an hour, to the great marvelling of the beholders, and the testimony, by a miracle, of the saint's true character beneath her cowl. There is another older world story about gloves, in the adventures of Asa Thor, on his way to Jötunheim; and how, on his journey thither, he, and Loki, and the swift young Thialfi who had sucked the marrow of the goat's leg-bone, so that the beast went lame for the rest of his natural days—unnatural rather—how they all got lost in a forest, and slept in a spacious hall, with a smaller chamber branching off. Which hall they found afterwards was nothing but the giant Skrymir's glove, with the thumb, where they had taken refuge from the wind, for the smaller chamber. Then there were Thor's iron gloves, without which he dared not attempt to grasp his mighty hammer Mjölnir—gloves which we may presume to have been a species of celestial knuckle-dusters, as knuckle-dusters are our nineteenth century version of the cesti which the old Roman wrestlers and gladiators wore. Indeed, iron gloves or gauntlets—those pieces of armour which came in between the dagger and the rerebrace; before the first and after the last—were in use long before the peaceful glove: "glof," the Anglo-Saxons called it, and which were made at first unfingered, like modern babies' mits, and the gloves of all rude peoples everywhere. Were they the gauntlets or the gloves which were taken from a recreant knight when his spurs were hacked off and his sword broken, and his knightly shield reversed, in token of his having forfeited all claim to honour and chivalrous belongings? When the Earl of Carlisle was impeached in the second Edward's reign, and condemned to die as a traitor, for holding treasonable correspondence with the Scots, "his spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his shoes and gloves were taken off:" gloves or gauntlets? The old annalists are seldom correct, accuracy being an intellectual virtue of quite modern parentage.

There were some curious niceties about entering into the presence of royalty with or without gloves. "This week the Lord Coke, with his gloves on, touched and kissed the king's hand, but whether to be confirmed a councillor, or cashiered, I cannot yet learn," said a letter in the Court and Times of Charles I., published in 1625. It would seem more decorous to enter the presence gloved; but perhaps there were good reasons why not; something akin to those which made it advisable to see the hands of a judge at court, and those of a visitor to a training stable just before running day.

In Burke's Vicissitudes there is a very curious story of a glover-nobleman, William Maclellan, sixth Lord Kirkcudbright, who was utterly ruined, retaining nothing of his earldom save the right to the name, and so became a glover for his daily bread. He used to stand in the lobby of the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms, in the old town, selling gloves, which were then wanted in greater profusion than now, it being the etiquette to wear a new pair for each dance. But the glove-seller was a lord nevertheless, and an earl in his own right and by his father's; and, more than this, he was the ancestor of that General across the Atlantic who was to have crushed the Southern Confederacy in ninety days—but didn't do it, somehow. The son of the glover-earl became a colonel, and eventually won the recognition of his condition from Parliament, May the 3rd, 1773. And there is the epigram—or what would it be called in scientific poetry books?—passing between the lady and her aged lover, one Mr. Page, when he sent her a glove with this distich pinned to it:

If from glove you take the letter G,  
Then Glove is Love, which I do send to thee.

And she answered him saucily with,

And if from Page you take the letter P,  
Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me;

to the eternal confusion of the ancient Philander, indignant at ridicule. Then there are Woodstock and its dusty, powdery, sheepskin gloves, its traditions of Fair Rosamond, and its present practical skill in leather-work; and the chicken gloves of Limerick, not now to be had, packed up in a walnut-shell, fastened with fairy ribbon, and sold for five shillings the pair; and the pocket gloves of a few years back, which had a pocket in the palm, which opened when the hand was closed, and shut when the hand was opened; convenient enough for timid ladies who carry their omnibus sixpence in the palm of the hand slipped up inside the glove, but of no great reputation among the public in general, and dying out in a stifled asphyxiated kind of way. And there are the "slipskins" of Switzerland—the skins of young kids prematurely brought into the world by some unholy practices of the goat-herds, and which, marvellously smooth and fine, go to make very fine ladies' very fine gloves. And there are all the old petitions and remonstrances addressed to parliament against

laying on duties here, and taking off duties there, with the inevitable cry of "gloves are so many and gloves so poor," as the reason for unsound political economy and faulty legislation. And there are the Board of Trade statistics, showing what numbers of the made article we import, and where we get our best glove-leather from; with many other curious and interesting particulars, too long to be fully detailed. But the history of gloves and glove-making, is, like all things whatever in human life and society—a very interesting matter when looked into and thoroughly traced from source to outfall; a thoroughness to which this mere surface sketch has no pretension.

#### SMALL-BEER CHRONICLE THE LAST.

I HAVE by no means chronicled all the Small-Beer which our social and other vats contain. Indeed, Small-Beer is an inexhaustible liquid. But I believe that I have chronicled enough of it already to prove what I wanted to prove:—namely, that the age is advancing in small matters as much as it is in great.

And so we have got to the last of these Chronicles, and to those few concluding words which always remain to be said at the final moment.

The field we have glanced over in these brief abstracts of the time has been a wide one. We have had to record the deaths of many old and cherished Institutions, and the birth of some of very high promise. The Small-Beer we have quaffed has been served from all sorts and varieties of taps. We have had Dramatic Small-Beer, Social Small-Beer, Domestic Small-Beer, Public Small-Beer, and many other forms of the same liquor; and considering all things, it is gratifying to observe how seldom we have been compelled to pronounce that the Small-Beer we have had to chronicle has been flat or wanting in flavour. We have occasionally noticed something wrong—as, for instance, in the over-fermenting of some of our Dramatic Small-Beer, which has bubbled itself into such a state of sensational excitement that a considerable amount of the sound malt and hops flavour has evaporated. Still, it is comfortable to reflect how rarely we have had to use the language of censure, and how certainly we have proved that upon the whole the Small-Beer prospects of the country are good and full of promise for future "brews."

It is a wonderful thing to think what Time will do for Small-Beer, and how it will turn that liquor into Table Ale, or even at last into Double and Treble X. What entirely Small-Beer Chronicles, for instance, were those of Strutt, and now the Chroniclers of our Strongest Ales are ready to make use of his Swipes, and will hand a glass of it to the public as quite a reputable Tap. So, one of these days, will this very Small-Beer of mine, which is sometimes flat, and sometimes acid, and occasionally bitter, be frothed out by the Tapsters of future ages, a foaming liquid fit

for the use of the best Malt connoisseurs of the period. I am convinced that it will be impossible for any of those eminent Bores who shall adorn the future to get on without these Chronicles of mine. They will go to the Museum, and rout me out there, and give extracts from my poor pages, with *the original spelling*, just as it is here printed. So then at last my Small-Beer will be Small no longer, and the Fame denied to me now, will be accorded to the Chronicler long deceased, and haply a Quart Pot in bronze raised to his memory in some conspicuous part of the metropolis.

Seriously, it is a question worth speculating upon a little, whether the History of one's own time and its characteristics are not matters of more importance than is generally imagined. In the career of an individual, consideration of the Present is of enormous value, and so is foresight into the Future. The Past is looked to, that encouragement may be derived from what has adorned it, and warning from all that has disfigured or impaired it. Our survey has been a slight one, the subjects selected for examination having been generally of the lighter sort. Perhaps, however, they were as useful for the purpose as bigger themes. Record is kept of our graver and more important doings, elsewhere, and these are carefully and jealously watched always. The aspiration of that ambitious person who, desiring to have influence over a nation, averred that he cared not who made that nation's laws, so he might be allowed to write its songs, is sufficiently well known. In like manner, the present writer may say that he cares not who records the political struggles, and the mighty changes which take place in the world, if he may only be allowed to be the historian of its "unconsidered trifles," its social changes, in other words, its Small-Beer. Gazing into its depths, as the Arab boy into the ink in the "Medium's" palm, one may read many remarkable things.

There is not a vast deal to complain of in these days in our own country. The grievance-monger now is not the reasonable man complaining of unreasonable practices, but a prejudiced and one-sided person, who looks at things from one point of view only, and can see the whole of no earthly thing. For this same grievance-monger there is hardly any place in the world, now that the voice of Reason is so reverently listened to, and, on the whole, so generally obeyed. Truth and justice are gaining strength continually, and men who are to hold their ground, and things which are to maintain their place, must now be characterised by merits of a more solid kind than were formerly needed for success. These are days when the graces of life are of less account than the more sterling qualities. We think more of what a man has to say, than of the manner in which he says it. We don't care so much how the orator's sentences are "rounded off," if they do but convey to us facts on which we can rely, and truths which will bear investigation.

One sees an evidence of this wholesome state of affairs in our courts of law. There is less ingenious quibbling there than there used to be. How seldom we hear now of what used to be called "splendid defences." How much more it is a question of facts on both sides in a trial now, than of eloquence, special pleading, and general mystification. We shall live, perhaps—some of us—to see even greater improvement here.

Two very disastrous tendencies of the human mind, are a tendency to tyrannise and a tendency to over-systematise. They are both fraught with ruin to any community among whose members they prevail. In this country we are content to live, to a certain extent, in "a muddle." We are venturesome, careless, trustful. We make dreadful mistakes. We allow all kinds of things to exist that would be forbidden in other countries. We are taken in. All sorts of things are mismanaged—but still we prosper. The liberal hand is made fat. The open hand fills. All over the world our institutions are being slowly imitated, and the principles from which those institutions grew are being adopted.

As to the Future, this much seems pretty certain. Every day the voice of Reason and Common Sense is more respectfully listened to; every day Prejudice and Superstition lose more and more of their hold upon us. Slowly, most slowly, half a grain a year, the cause of Republicanism—of real and right Republicanism—makes advance, an advance that is all the more sure for its tardy progress, and for the stout battle that is fought by those who would keep it back. Slowly, so slowly that the movement is hardly appreciable in a period so short as a lifetime, the aristocratic element loses ground, and nearer by an infinitesimal degree, but still nearer, comes the moment when that picturesque and much-loved institution shall languish and die out for ever.

In the new countries and the new colonies that element does not exist. Those new communities are constructed without it, just as in our new neighbourhoods the houses are built without those extinguishers for torches which we see attached to the railings of some of the mansions in Portland-place and ancient Berkeley-square. In America—for the moment under a cloud, but not under a cloud for ever—in America, passing through a great trouble, which it needed, and which will do it good—there is no aristocracy. There is none in any of our colonies. These things affect us, reluctant though we may be to admit it. The old aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain and of our own Mayfair will ultimately disappear from the world as the swords have disappeared from the sides of its members, and the powder from their ailes de pigeon. No man with an eye for the picturesque and the poetical can do other than regret this, even while he acknowledges that it must be. Somewhere on the border-land of France there is an old castle standing, where everything is kept as it was in the old feudal time, and all the old usages carefully pre-

served. Antiquarians and travellers go to the place, and revel in what they find there, while the other ancient buildings of the time show in mere ruins, that hint at, rather than proclaim, their former splendour. Just so I can fancy, ages hence, the men and women of an advanced period pointing out some old and decrepid personage as the last descendant of an ancient house, or describing the habits of some family, living retired from the world, and keeping up all the customs of the aristocratic times, and *even calling each other by their titles.*

For the rest, this is a perfectly safe prophesy to make, seeing that its accomplishment will require some four or five hundred years. In the mean time, I suppose it would be a fair question to ask on what such a prediction as this is founded. First of all then, and principally, on the fact mentioned just now, that those countries which most fairly represent progress, those countries where all sorts of new fashions, to use a familiar phrase, are set, this element is wanting. Then, again, the tendency of the age is towards the abandonment of what is irrational and useless, and the adoption of what is reasonable and useful. For instance, I should imagine that the time cannot be very far distant when the barrister will find that he can transact business just as well without a mass of horsehair on the top of his head as with it, and that the aid of two oblong pieces of cambric tied on underneath his chin may safely be dispensed with. The bishops have already got rid of *their wigs*—there is one irrational thing gone from them, and perhaps a few more may be going.

It is difficult to enlarge the glance so as to take in more objects than the few in our immediate neighbourhood. Because the aristocratic element is just now very much "up" in England, and the democratic cause, in consequence of what is going on in America, very much "down," many rush to the conclusion—regardless of the History of the Past, and the light which such history throws on the distant Future—that these two elements occupy finally and for ever the places which they just now hold. Things look well for the aristocratic cause at this particular moment, and ill for that of democracy. At no time, probably, in the history of the bravest and most servile people under the sun, has there been seen a more slavish worship of the titled classes than is to be seen going on day after day at this present time. The public—at least a portion of it—gazes with the vitreous eye of an almost senile infatuation on the coroneted panels of the carriages in the Ring, and the interest—most natural and becoming—which was excited by that royal wedding—already described in these pages as a most beautiful and impressive thing—is in some danger of degenerating into an idolatry of two young people humiliating to witness, and, one would imagine, painful to receive. In this country we invite the titled classes to be insolent, and it is a noble testimony to their sense and virtue that the in-

vitation is not accepted far more freely than it is.

In this nation, however, Reform, though a plant of slow growth, *does*, on the whole, advance steadily. That in all things there should be a tendency to rise, to improve, to progress, seems to be one of the first and most certain of the laws of nature. From the time, far back in a past so remote that thought cannot reach it, when our globe, separated from the chaotic mass, was subjected to the first of those preliminary processes whose action was ultimately to fit it to be the theatre on which man should play his part, has not this law of IMPROVEMENT been operating always? As each of those changes, of which the man of science speaks with a confidence which has something of the sublime about it—as each of those changes added to this mighty ball some element that brought it one degree nearer to be a fit dwelling-place for man, or withdrew from it some quality which forbade his existence, was not each era an improvement on the last? As the terrible and lonely mass got at length to that stage when the lower forms of vegetable and animal life might exist upon it, as these gave way and were replaced by higher and more completely developed forms of both, was there not still improvement on improvement? And when at last Man appeared, to whom dominion over all was given, did the improvement cease then? How many—how few rather—are the centuries that have elapsed since here where we live, on English soil, there dwelt a race of savages, removed—how much—above the chimpanzee or the Gorilla? How few centuries it has taken to improve that poor organism into the man of this our own day, the creature of reason, the conqueror of himself, in whose life the senses play so small a part, and in whom the moral and the intellectual qualities are so powerfully developed. Socially, it is more than ever, now, the tendency of men to rise. The specimen man of the day—not a creature of Utopia, but such an one as really exists—will rise almost infallibly if he do his duty. And he, risen high above the position in which he was born, will so educate his son as that he may be fitted to occupy the grade next above that to which the father has attained. This is one way in which men rise, but another and a more important way (because applying to thousands more of created beings) is that rise which elevates men, not by lifting them out of a class in which they originally found themselves, but by elevating that class itself generally, refining its habits, and improving its social position. There is the rise of the journeyman to be a foreman and at last a master, and there is the rise of the journeymen as a class, through improvements brought into their mode of life,

and a general consequent elevation in its tone.

Much has been done. Misery enough, and sin enough, and degradation enough, exist among us, Heaven knows. Those who live and move only in the brightest portions of our town, and whose coachmen would not know the way to Tottenham-court-road, know nothing of what goes on among “the masses” who really populate this small edition of the world which we call London. The misery of the more densely populated districts of the town has been often described in print, and so has the semi-starvation of that poor half-formed spindle-shanked feeble race, the agricultural population, properly so called. Nor have the sufferings of the people of the manufacturing districts been left unrecorded. Yet for them all there is hope; there is hope for them, and hope for their posterity. How many attempts were made a hundred years ago, to improve the residences of the poorer classes? How many experiments were made in building lodging-houses for them? How many establishments were opened with the object of supplying the working man with the best possible nourishment at the lowest possible price? People complain that navigators and labouring men cannot keep from drinking and fighting. And this is true enough and sad enough, but let us never forget that a hundred years ago gentlemen were in the same condition. It is because changes are brought about slowly and gradually; because they are not wrought suddenly and miraculously, but simply, and by the employment of means; that they do not strike us as much as they might. We do not note the means as they arise. Who knows what share the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have had in advancing the interest of national education when he took the tax off paper? Who knows what an incentive the penny newspaper may prove to self-education, or how the man who cannot read it may long to be like his next-door neighbour, who can?

And this tendency in all things to rise and to improve, which of us can say where it will end? Shall man go on improving, until ages hence he becomes developed into a superior being; or is the world, whose highest inhabitant once was a jelly-fish, now populated with the most glorious beings which shall ever tread its surface?

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